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EGOCENTRIC
& D. REACHERS

C. H. SPURGEON



Ceccentric
Teachers.

BY

C. H. SPURGEON.

(Tenth Thousand.)



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I.
ST'S GLORIOUS ACHIEVEMENTS.

II.
SEVEN WONDERS OF GRACE.

III.
THE SPARE HALF HOUR.

IV.
THE MOURNER'S COMFORTER.

V.
THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER.

works are all by MR. SPURGEON, and are

PREFACE.

I HAVE published this little volume very much in self-defence. Some years ago I delivered a lecture on "Eccentric Preachers," and a reporter's notes of it were published in one of the newspapers. These, like all such things, were mere pickings and cuttings, and by no means the lecture itself. Gentlemen of the press have an eye to the amusement of their readers, and make selections of all the remarkable anecdotes, or odd sayings, used by a speaker, and when these are separated from their surroundings the result is anything but satisfactory. No man's speeches or lectures should be judged of by an ordinary newspaper summary, which in any case is a mere sketch, and in many instances is a vile caricature.

I thought no more of my lecture till the other day I found the mere rags and bones of the reporter set forth in America as an address by myself, worthy to be bound up with my book upon "*Commenting and Commentaries.*" Those not

ing Peter Cartwright Peter *Garret*
Lady Ann Askew Lady *Askayn*
er Cartwright was an American back
ods preacher, and his name should hav
a familiar to the American editor, bu
e publishers are so intent upon getting
their books that they cannot affor
e for correction.

inding that I had by me the whole o
mutilated lecture, I thought of print
it, to show what I had really spoken
upon looking it over, I judged it to
etter to expand it and make it into
all book. I hope the reader will not
loser by my resolution.

desire to see it printed.

calumniating those who live for the good of others. True pastors have enough of care and travail without being burdened by undeserved and useless fault-finding. We have something better to do than to be for ever answering every malignant or frivolous slander which is set afloat to injure us. We expected to prove our ministry "by evil report and by good report," and we are not therefore overwhelmed by abuse as though some new thing had happened unto us; and yet there are tender, loving spirits who feel the trial very keenly, and are sadly hindered in brave service by cruel assaults. The rougher and stronger among us laugh at those who ridicule us, but upon others the effect is very sorrowful. For their sakes are these pages written; may they be a warning to wanton witlings who defame the servants of the Most High God.

As ministers we are very far from being perfect, but many of us are doing our best, and we are grieved that the minds of our people should be more directed to our personal imperfections than to our divine message. *God has purposely put his treasure in earthen vessels that the excellency of the power should be ascribed to*

reader, be it yours to profit by
master's servants, and even by

Yours truly,

C. H. SPURGE



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WHAT IS ECCENTRICITY ?

OUGHT I not to be very timid in speaking upon eccentric preachers when I am somewhat sarcastically requested by an anonymous letter writer to *look at home*? I do look at home, and I am glad that I have such a happy home to look at. Trembling has not seized upon me upon receiving my nameless friend's advice, for two reasons ; first, because I am not horrified by being charged with eccentricity, and secondly, because I do not consider myself to be guilty of that virtue or vice, whichever it may be. Years ago I might have been convicted of a mild degree of the quality, but since so many have copied my style, and so considerable a number have borrowed my discourses, I submit that I am rather the orthodox example than the glaring exception. After having lived for a quarter of a century in this region, I *am not now* regarded in London as a *phenomenon* to be stared at, but as

... year after year without coming
into serious collision with my neighbour
I have reason to believe that my pathway
to the religious heavens is not eccentric,
but as regular as that of the other light
which twinkle in the same sky. I have
probably done my anonymous correspond-
ent more honour than he deserves in taking
much notice of him; indeed, I mention
the man and his communications
at I might bear witness against
anonymous letters. Never write a letter
which you are ashamed to put your
name to; as a rule, only mean persons are
guilty of such an action, though I hope
my present correspondent is an exception.

large while they can discover notes in other men's optics, and hence they resort to the amusement of detraction. Ministers are the favourite prey of critics, and on Sundays, when they think it right to talk religion, they keep the rule to the letter, but violate its sense by most irreligiously overhauling the persons, characters, sayings and doings of God's servants. "Dinner is over. Bring the walnuts, and let us crack the reputations of a preacher or two. It is a pious exercise for the Sabbath." Then tongues move with abounding clatter; tales are told without number, and when the truth has been exhausted a few "inventions" are exhibited. One saw a preacher do what was never done, and another heard him say what was never said. Old fictions are brought up and declared to have happened a few days ago, though they never happened at all, and so the good people hallow the Sabbath with pious gossip and sanctimonious slander. There is a very serious side to this when we remember the fate of those who love and make a lie; but just now we will not dwell upon that solemn topic, lest we should be accused of lecturing our audience in more senses than one. So far as I a

in any respect; no bones are
by position is not injured, and
not soured.

From the earliest period it has
found impossible for the messenger
God has sent to suit their style or
to the tastes of all. In all
of the most useful preachers of the gospel
have been objected to by a portion of the
community. Mere chips in the porridge
escape censure and mildly win the
praise of indifference, but decided
preachers will be surrounded with warm friends
and hot foes. He who hopes to please
everybody must be a

was made his fault, and they said, "He hath a devil." Jesus Christ came eating and drinking, living as a man among men; and this which they pretended to desire in John became an offence in Jesus, and they libelled him as "a drunken man and a wine-bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners." Neither the herald nor his Master suited the wayward tastes of their contemporaries. Like children playing in the market-place, who would not agree about what the game should be, so were the sons of men in that generation. They rejected the messengers because they loved not the God who sent them, and they only pretended to object to the men because they dared not avow their enmity to their Master. Hence the objections were often inconsistent and contradictory, and always frivolous and vexatious.

Filled with the same spirit of contrariety, the men of this world still depreciate the ministers whom God sends them and profess that they would gladly listen if different preachers could be found. Nothing can please them, their cavils are dealt out with heedless *universality*. Cephas is too blunt, Apollos is *too flowery*, Paul is too argumentative

himself and follows it with success
sual to charge him with being e
f his honesty may not be suspe
is zeal questioned, nor his powe
neer at him and call him *eccentr*
ay be the arrow will wound.

Let us now pay our attention
readful word *eccentric*, and the
hat means it has been fixed upo
reachers of the gospel, and thos
ast in usefulness.

What is it to be eccentric? A
nd easy method for determining
ng of a word is to go to the d
Dr. Samuel Johnson, what say yo
"It signifies deviat

evidently in brilliant society. Now I am free to admit that the word has come to mean singular, odd, whimsical, and so forth; but by going a little deeper into its etymology, we discover that it simply means that the circle in which an eccentric man moves is not quite coincident with that which is followed by the majority: he does not tread the regular ring, but deviates more or less as he sees fit. It would be easy to prove that a movement may be eccentric, and yet quite regular and effective. Every man who has to do with machinery knows what it is for one wheel to be eccentric to another, and he knows also that often this may be a needful and useful arrangement for the purpose of the machine. It does not seem so very horrible after all that a man should be eccentric. I suppose the popular meaning is that a man is off the circle, or in more vulgar phrase, "off the square." But the point is, who is to tell us what the square is, and who is to decide which circle a man is bound to follow? True, this second circle is not concentric with the first, but it is not therefore more *eccentric* than the first, for each one is *eccentric* to the other. It may be that

dissented from me. He replied
was a Nonconformist, but I retort
he also was a Nonconformist, for
not conform to me. Such terms
are to be accurately employed, to
fixed standard; and in the case
term "eccentricity" we need first
a centre and a circumference, from
we may depart. This will be no error
indeed, those who attempt it will
to be impossible in matters of taste
department, according to the old
"*de gustibus, &c.*," (concerning
taste it is idle to dispute), and the
worn proverb, "every man to his

impose curves of their own, it may be grandly right to be eccentric, for an eccentric path all the saints have trodden as they have tracked the narrow way in the teeth of the many who pursue the downward road.

From such consecrated eccentricity come martyrs, reformers, and the leaders of the advance guard of freedom and progress. Breaking loose from the shackles of evil customs, such men first stand alone and defy the world; but ere long the great heart of manhood discerns their excellence, and then men are so eager to fall at their feet that the idolatry of hero-worship is scarcely escaped. To us the men seem grander in their solitary adherence to the right, and to the true, than when they become the centres of admiration: their brave eccentricity is the brightest gem in their crown. The slavery of custom is as hard and crushing as any other form of human bondage, and blessed is he who for the truth's sake disdains to wear the galling chain, preferring rather to be charged with singularity and held up to ridicule. It is clear, then, that eccentricity may in certain cases be a virtue. When it touches *the moral and the spiritual* it may be *worthy of all honour.*

... who tell us
preachers are eccentric—"W
the centre for them?" She
portant task devolve upon those
who buy lithographed sermons
them as their own? These me
danger of violating propriety
cess of their zeal, for their dis
cut and dried for them at
establishments. Do you ask,
true?" I answer, undoubtedly,
other day, to test the matter
my secretary to a certain books
he brought home to me spe
these precious productions, lit
or written by hand. at prices

conformed? Are we all to purchase spiritual food for our flocks, at the liberal rate of half a guinea a quarter for thirteen sermons, to be exchanged at Lady-day, Midsummer, Michaelmas, and Christmas? If these things be so, and this trade is to be continued and increased, I suppose that we who think out our own sermons, and deliver them fresh from our hearts, will be regarded as odd fellows, just as Mr. Wesley was stigmatized as eccentric because he wore his own hair when all the fashionable world rejoiced in wigs. Well, my brethren, if it should ever be the fashion to wear wooden legs I shall be eccentric enough to keep to those which nature gave me, weak as they are, and I trust that the number of eccentric people will be sufficient to keep me in countenance.

Who is to fix the centre of the circle? Shall we give the compasses into the hand of the high-flying brethren whose rhetoric towers into the clouds and is shrouded and lost in them? Certainly these do the business very grandly, dealing in the sublime and beautiful quite as freely as Burke *himself*. *No common man understandeth or so much as dareth to attempt under*

agger those whom they should establish. Bishop Blomfield tells us that a certain verger said to him, "Do you know I have been verger of this church fifty years, and though I have heard all the great sermons preached in this place I am still a Christian." Now, are these dealers in words and dreams to fix the centre? If so, we intend to be eccentric; and blessed be God we are not alone in that resolve, for there are others who join with us in the opinion that to be studying the prettinesses of elocution, and the fancies of philosophy, while men are perishing around us is the brutal eccentricity of a Nero, who fiddled while Rome was burning and sent his galleys to fetch sand from Alexandria while the populace died for want of bread. If the centre is to be up in the clouds, let a few of us who care for something practical stop down below and be regarded as eccentric. It is an odd thing that some men prefer to speak upon topics of which they know nothing, and from which no benefit can possibly arise, while themes which might *edify* are disregarded. Timbs tells *us of an eccentric* "Walking Stewart: who had perambulated half the world but would never talk of his travels, preferri

are most at home when they are
and most important when their
insignificant. We do not choose
centre, for it is far more suitable
o'-the-wisps than ministers of the
word. When all souls are saved
mourners comforted we may
discuss recondite theories, but
graveyards are filling with the
snow not God.

Where, then, is the centre to which
Am I directed to yonder vestry
paradise—sacristy. If you will
look, you will perceive a con-
fession of cupboards, presses, and
where are — ?

bread and wine, and—well, there's
 end of the concerns! We are not well
 instructed in the terminology of these
 dainty establishments, but we are in-
 formed that these things are not to be
 treated with levity, seeing that therein
 abideth much grace, which ministereth to
 the establishment of the saints. In truth,
 we have small care to linger among these
 resplendent rags, but assuredly if the
 centre of gravity lies with gentlemen who
 thus bedizen their corporeal frames, we
 prefer to be eccentric, and dress as other
 male humanities are wont to do. It has
 seemed to us to be needful to discard
 even the white necktie. While it was the
 ordinary dress of a gentleman, well and
 good; but as it has grown to denote a
 personage of the clerical sort, or in other
 words, has become a priestly badge, it
 seems best to abjure it. This may be
 done the more readily because it is also
 the favourite decoration of undertakers
 and waiters at hotels, and one has no wish
 to be taken for either of these deserving
 functionaries. Some young preachers
delight in cravats of extreme length
and others tie them with great precision
reminding us of Beau Brummel, w

was crossing the river by a punt
boat, when a rude fellow said
“How are you getting on at Hitch
I could not imagine what he meant
he explained that he supposed
he drapery line, and was probab
minent firm. He tried hard to
where I was serving, and when
him for answer that I knew no
houses in the City, and was n
rapery, “Then,” said he, “
Methodist parson”; which was
hot by far, and yet not quite a
having no desire to be lifted
clerical order, or to claim any d

absurd. The centre is not here. They that wear soft raiment are in king's houses, but the King of kings cares nothing for the finery and foppery of ecclesiastical parade.

According to common talk, the centre of the circle is fixed by the dullest of all the brotherhood, for to be eccentric means with many to have anything over half a grain of common sense, or the remotest flavouring of humour. Have anything like originality, anything like genius, anything like a sparkle of wit, anything like natural whole-souled action, and you will be called eccentric directly by those who are used to the gospel of Hum-drum. The concentric thing with many is to prose away with great propriety and drone with supreme decorum. Your regular man says nothing which can by any possibility offend anybody, and nothing which is likely to do anyone good. Devoid of faults, and destitute of excellencies, the *proper* preacher pursues his mechanical round, and shudders at the more erratic motions of real life. Far be it from us to depreciate the excellent brother, his way is doubtless the best for him, yet are there *other modes* which are quite as commendable though more likely to be censured.

... can to yourself a h
the great university of Dron
you wake up your soul and t
getic delivery, and a natural,
forcible mode of utterance,
authorities of that gigantic in
say, "Oh dear, it is a pity he
tric." Common sense decid
to have the centre for an ea
an owl, or the circle for a wa
forced upon a living man.

As to this supposed centre o
which we have tried in vain
may be as well to remark th
fixed, and never can be fixed
and times and circumstances

, no one in those days called them eccentric because of that particular practice ; to show how the ideas of men have aged again, no one is now considered eccentric for open-air preaching, at least not in these regions. I might perchance stand on a gravestone to-morrow, and none would blame me. Yes, I forgot, I must not be in a national graveyard, or I should be liable to something dreadful. I must neither stand on an Episcopal gravestone nor be laid under one with our funeral rites. Those orthodox worms which have fattened on correctly buried bodies so long, would be taken ill if they were on bodies over which the regular clergyman has not asked a blessing. This is true for the worms is to my mind rather eccentric, but let that pass, it will soon be forgotten among the superstitions of a former age. As times roll on, that which is eccentric in one era becomes general and even fashionable in another. The time and general cut of a preacher of Queen Elizabeth's day would create a sensation if it should be copied under the reign of Queen Victoria, and even the breeches, silk stockings, and buckles which I have myself seen

as the holy tone of piety, an
man who should use it no
were an Englishman, would be t
odd being. Indeed, much of t
of the famous Matthew Wilk
n that particular habit; he r
mile, even when speaking with
ity by the strangeness of his v
et I never heard that our l
cestors were otherwise than gra
stening to the same peculiar
terance. Time was when it
unted one of the outrageous de
rtain Jack Hanway, that he
lked down a street in London o

orderly style of his handwriting, and the precision of his phrases, should be a very exemplary individual, once wrote me a sternly admonitory letter. From having read my printed discourses with much pleasure he had come to consider me as a godly minister ; and, therefore, being in London, he had availed himself of the opportunity to hear me. This, however, he deeply regretted, as he had now lost the power to read my sermons with pleasure any more. What, think you, had I said or done to deprive me of the good opinion of so excellent a Hollander ? I will relieve your mind by saying that he considered that I preached exceedingly well, and he did not charge me with any extravagances of action, but it was my personal appearance which shocked him. I wore a beard, which was bad enough, but worse than this, he observed upon my lip *a moustache!* Now this guilty thing is really so insignificant an affair that he might have overlooked such an unobtrusive offender. But, no, he said that I wore a moustache like a carnal, worldly-minded man ! Think of that. Instead of being *all shaven and shorn* like the holy man *whom he was accustomed to hear, and*

abjure the razor. His great
minister, with ruff and band
and a woman's chin was *not* e
because I allowed my hair
nature meant it should, I w
and frivolous and carnal a
minded, and all sorts of bad t
see, what is eccentric in Ho
eccentric in England, and *vice*
of the eccentric business is
longitude and latitude, and
correct one would need to ta
ings, and carry with him a l
tunes and customs, graduat
to the distance from the first)
Moreover we may not fore

now saying and doing very remarkable things, and yet are escaping the charge of eccentricity. It is well for them that some of us lived before them, and for far smaller liberties were set in the pillory. For myself, I venture to say that I have been severely criticized for anecdotes and illustrations of the very same kind which I meet with in the very excellent discourses of my friend, Mr. Moody, whom I appreciate probably more than anybody else. Many dear, good souls who have heard him with pleasure would not have done so twenty years ago, but would have regarded him as very eccentric. As to Mr. Sankey's singing, of which I equally approve, would not that have been unpardonable even ten years ago? Would Ned Wright and Joshua Poole, and brethren of that order, have been tolerated in 1858? According to the rules which judged Rowland Hill to be eccentric, I should say that these brethren are quite as far gone, if not further, and yet one does not hear an outcry against them for eccentricity. No, the bonds are relaxed, and it is just possible that they are now *rather too slack than too tight*. It is, *however, very curious to watch the moods*

the virtues of the
own path. To promote a manly, c
course of action in such matters i
object in delivering this lecture.

Let us, if we are minister
which we believe to be most l
useful, and pay little heed to
ments of our contemporaries.
wisely we can afford to wait ;
is in a higher approbation th
men ; but even if it were not, w
to wait. The sweeping censu
ried critics will one day be blow
the chaff of the threshing-flo
great heart of the church of G
time to her real champions, and

WHAT IS ECCENTRICITY ?

To return to our circle and concentric circles, it would be a very great pity if the centre of the circle could be fixed by a death that of the Medes and Persians, which it is not. If we could settle once and for all what is concentric and what is eccentric, it would be a very serious evil, for the differences of utterance and modes of expression among God's ministers serve a very useful purpose. When Dr. John Owen preached he would give all his learning to preach like the tinker, John Bunyan would speak not wisely, unless he were more than to extol honest John; and his discourses, profound, solid, and probably heavy, suited a class of hearers who could not have read the plain gospel. No, Dr. Owen would better remain Dr. Owen, by no means afford to lose his theological wealth which you would give to us. You would have been a forward if you had tried to be a dullard, a dullard if he had been a dullard, a dullard if he had been a dullard, a dullard if he had been a dullard. They were

made by their Master, the one as well as the other, and set in different spheres to answer his own designs, and the same wisdom is displayed in each. I heard on another day of a discussion which may have answered its design in educating youth in the powers of debate, but intrinsically it was an idle theme; it was this—does the world owe most to the printing press or to the steam engine? The machines are alike useful for the purposes intended, and both essential to the world's progress; why contrast them? Why not as well raise a controversy as to the relative value of needles and pins? Robert Robins

really his own. He has some end to serve in God's eternal purpose, let him answer that end without carping criticism from us. Who are we, that we should even condemn what seems to us odd and singular? How many souls were won to God by Mr. Rowland Hill's "eccentricities," as they called them, the judgment day alone will reveal. You have, doubtless, heard of the young man who was about to go to India, and a pious friend was very anxious that he should not leave the country in an unconverted state. He induced this young man to stay a week with him in London, and took him to hear a minister of much repute, a very able man—a man of sound argument and solid thought, in the hope that perhaps something which he said would lead to his friend's conversion. The youth listened to the sermon, pronounced it an excellent discourse, and there was an end of it. He was taken to hear another earnest preacher, but no result came of the service. When the last night came, the godly friend, in a sort of desperation, ventured with much trembling to lead his companion to Surrey Chapel, to *hear Mr. Hill, praying earnestly that Mr. Hill might not say any funny things; that*

things. Among the rest he said he had seen a number of pigs following a butcher in the street, at which he laughed, inasmuch as swine have a will of their own, and that will is often according to their drive. Mr. Hill, upon enquiring, found the aforesaid pigs followed the leader, who had peas in his pocket, and he said he had then he dropped a few before them, thus overcoming their scruples and sensibilities. Even so, said Mr. Hill, the devil leads ungodly men captive, and conducts them into the snare of everlasting destruction.

That story about the pigs has deeply impressed me, for I fear it is my case." A happy conversion followed, and the critic could only retract his criticism in the silence of his own grateful heart. Well, then, let each servant of God tell his message in his own way. To his own Master he shall stand or fall.

If God moves a Rowland Hill to speak of pigs, it will be better than if he had descanted upon purling brooks, or blue-eyed seraphim. Taste may be shocked, but what of taste when men are to be aroused from the fatal slumbers of indifference! If you are living without Christ in the world, your state and condition are far more shocking in themselves than any arousing words can possibly be. It is sin which is vulgar and in bad taste; so they think who best can judge,—the purest of our race and the angels in heaven. It disgusts me to see a man whom God's word declares to be "condemned already" giving himself airs, and affecting to be too delicate to hear a homely sentence from one who desires to save him from eternal *wrath*. He is coarse enough to *despise the altogether lovely One*, brutal enough to reject the gospel of love, and

base enough to rebel against his Creator and Preserver, and yet forsooth he is a connoisseur in religion, and picks out every word which is spoken to him for his good! This spiritual prudery is sickening to the last degree.

I have given the story of Mr. Hill because it is a type of many which are considered to be eccentric and coarse, but which are not so at all, except to shallow minds. There is nothing essentially vulgar in an allusion to pigs any more than in any other animals, for our Lord himself spoke of "casting pearls before swine" and the apostle Peter alluded to the swine that was washed wallowing in the mire.

Rowland Hill. Tinge your stories or your figures with dirt, Mr. *Slopdash*! and we abandon you: nothing which is indelicate can be endured in the service of a holy God. Come home to the heart in your own genial, home-spun manner, and I, for one, will delight in you, Mr. *Slapdash*! and bid you God speed. So much difference is there between *slop* and *slap* that it might furnish a theme for a lecture, and yet there is only the change of a vowel in the words. So may disgusting vulgarity and homely force wear the same aspect, and yet they differ as much as black and white. There is a charming poetry in many a simple figure which unsophisticated minds delight in. If a smile is raised it only shows that the soul is awake, and is pleased to be taught so plainly. Critics may take out their penknives to gore and gash, but honest hearts delight in the natural expressions, the instructive comparisons, and the heartfelt utterances of the earnest man whom the world sets down as

AN ECCENTRIC PREACHER.

WHO HAVE BEEN ECCENTRIC?

IN the previous lecture we gained little light upon the true meaning of eccentricity, and we discovered its quarters where it is little suspected. We saw many to be free from it who had been popularly charged with it, and we did not, however, attempt the justification of all of them. We are sorrowfully compelled to attempt the justification of all the critics of the ministry that per-
entered it.

mimic, and we have not a word to say in his defence, but we give him over as a dead horse to the dogs of criticism. They may rend him in pieces, and devour him if so they desire, for impostors and pretenders deserve the critic's sharpest teeth. Find us a preacher who obtains notoriety for himself by descending to buffoonery, and who goes out of his way to say smart things, and make jokes on sacred subjects, and we decline to be his advocate.

Natural humour may possibly be consecrated and made to wear the yoke of Christ, but he who apes it is no true man. If you find us a man who has any object in this world in what he says but the glory of God, and the winning of souls, he is the man who is out of centre, and into his secret may we never come. And furthermore, if you discover a preacher who is indelicate, and causes the cheek of modesty to tingle, let him be cast out of the pulpit, and the door locked against him. We have known men of the Slop-dash order who would have been nothing if they had not been outrageous, and of these it may be said that *they were worse than nothing when they followed their own style. There was nothing in their absurdities to excuse*

...not judge.
We do not care who
in the parish church o
little Bethel, the man wh
and plays the fool with
unworthy of his office.
that a certain preacher
in Northamptonshire, a
makers, in order to draw
gave notice in the mornin
in the evening tell them
to make a pair of sho
crowded the place, he be
pair of boots and cut the i
was really done, then I s
among cobblers live and

headed his announcement with a Latin sentence signifying that the greater includes the less. We shall have more of this Orator Henley directly.

In my youth I remember the eccentric fame of a clergyman who lived near my father's house. He found himself at church one Sunday morning with a political pamphlet in his pocket instead of his sermon, and throwing it down into the churchwarden's pew, he bade him read a bit of it while he went home for his discourse. Many very questionable deeds were done by this parson of the old fox-hunting school, and his general manners fully entitled him to be called eccentric. It would be a pity to revive the stories told in many an Essex village thirty years ago of parsons and clerks of a race which ought to be speedily forgotten. Methodists and Ranters have been the song of the drunkard and the target of many fiery arrows, but never has anything been imputed to the indiscretion of their zeal which has been one-tenth as mischievous as were the evil lives of those who opposed them. I care not to say more; no section of the church can afford to throw stones, for no department has been free from

ning all the sermon through. I
whom it is natural, is so carried
his earnestness that his action be-
times highly dramatic, instantly a
crew fall to mouthing and posturi-
these things were the great power.
If one man occasionally spirituali-
keeps within the bounds of disci-
they must needs indulge all sorts of
till one might say of them as a fo-
said of King James's favourite p-
"He playeth with his text, pattir
and fro, as a cat doth a mouse."
put the wise man's wig upon the
skulls, and fancy that they ha-

of the character of Orator Henley, who flourished some hundred and thirty years ago in Butcher Row, Newport Market. If the representations of historians are correct he was an eccentric man of the class which disgusts all godly minds. He announced himself as "the restorer of ancient eloquence," and selected for his themes subjects religious, political, and personal. He was frequently prosecuted for libel, and never seemed to bridle his tongue on that account, but with low ribaldry and buffoonery he pursued the golden object which he had set before him. In an unfortunate moment he attacked the poet Pope, who in revenge held him up to scorn in his "Dunciad":—

"Imbrown'd with native bronze, lo Henley
stands,
Tuning his voice, and balancing his hands,
How fluent nonsense trickles from his
tongue!
How sweet the periods, neither said nor
sung!
Still break the benches, Henley, with thy
strain,
While Sherlock, Hare, and Gibson preach
in vain.
*O great restorer of the good old stage,
Preacher at once and zany of thy age!*"

pions, which Pope could handle so well applied.

Creatures of Henley's kind among the friar-preachers of the middle period, whose ignorance and credulity were equally the ridicule of the temporaries; though even among these there were true-hearted men whose irregularities arose out of their zeal for good. The genus of religious impostors is not quite extinct at the present day, though seldom seen in such development as in the friar period of this order are generally known and read by the Christian public, and

tans have been eccentric, therefore all
 ric men must be mere impostors ;
 is being taken for granted, the next
 to be done is to represent really
 minded men as wild and singular,
 o they also may be regarded as
 ers.

putation for eccentricity has been
 ly fastened upon many men by per-
 : falsehood. Throw enough mud
 me of it will be sure to stick : upon
 eory have good men been assailed.
 ver of originality and quaintness
 ave possessed has been grossly cari-
 d ; and silly tales, the worthless le-
 of remote periods, have been revived
 thered upon them. It is interesting
 ce the pedigree of a pulpit story,
 h it is not often possible to discover its
 parent : in fact, we believe that, like
 , many of these tales have no father
 other, but may say of themselves,
 s I grewed." The rise and progress
 urrent falsehood, if well studied,
 reveal a sad page in human history.
 ame anecdotes occur from age to
 it they are tacked on to different
*In the days when hour-glasses were
 to many pulpits, to suggest a limit*

good fellows, so let us have another
It is probable that Peters never sa
and more than probable that if he
something like it, the connection in
it was spoken set it in quite anothe
However that may be, it was too
story to be allowed to go out of u
therefore it came to pass that in di
it was told with slight variation of
Burgess, a celebrated Nonconform
vine, whose vigorous speech frec
made him enemies. Nor was this e
for a very similar anecdote turned
third time in a neighbouring count:
this time it was a Presbvtarian cler

WHO HAVE BEEN CALLED ECCENTRIC? 49

recollect that they have already assigned a story to someone else. A particle of creative genius might also render their work a little less monotonous.

I remember reading with some amusement of Lorenzo Dow, who is reported some sixty years ago to have slipped down a tree in the backwoods, in order to illustrate the easiness of backsliding. He had previously pulled himself up with extreme difficulty, in order to show how hard a thing it is to regain lost ground. I was all the more diverted because it has so happened that this pretty piece of nonsense has been imputed to myself. I was represented as sliding down the banisters of my pulpit, and that at a time when the pulpit was fixed in the wall and was entered from behind! I never gave even the remotest occasion for that falsehood, and yet it is daily repeated, and I have heard of persons who were present when I did so, and, with their own eyes, saw me perform the silly trick. It is possible for a person to repeat a falsehood so many times that he at length imposes upon himself and believes that he is stating the truth. *Here is the original tale, extracted from Mr. Taylor's "Model Preacher":—*

Finally he made his
the time all expected
climbed up a smooth
out, "Hold on there, I
soon slid down to the
his hat and left. That
we heard that day."

If this was all the
left a great deal for the
and it reminds us of t
who, with almost as lit
bly brought a great q
people. He ascended
Sunday morning, looked
said, "My brethren, I
question which will"

It was reported of Mr. Rowland Hill that on one occasion having saved up sufficient money to buy a chest of drawers his wife appropriated the amount to purchase therewith a new bonnet. To punish her for this misappropriation of household goods Mr. Hill is described as having exclaimed on the following Sunday, "Here comes Mrs. Hill with a chest of drawers on her head." It is truly marvellous that this anecdote should have lived even for an hour, for Mr. Hill was of honourable family, and possessed considerable property. The purchase of any number of chests of drawers or bonnets would have been a matter of small consequence to him; and besides, he was so attached to his wife, and a man of such excellent breeding, that no such language could have been used by him under any supposable circumstances. When Mr. Hill heard of the story he said, "It is an abominable untruth, derogatory to my character as a Christian and a gentleman: it would make me out a bear." Across many of the stories which were printed concerning himself he wrote with his own hands the words, "A lie;" and *truly there are others of us who might wear out our pencils in doing the same.* What

remarkable and singular incidents in the course of their lives, and if their singularities were criticised there would be no room for complaint; but in this delight in lies?

A minister who is much before the public has need to be thick skinned and to have had much exercise to a very high degree of longsuffering. It may help him to remember the conduct of Cotton Mather, a man remarkable for the sweetness of his temper. On one occasion, having taken a prominent part in the political concerns of his country, he received a large number of abu

concerning his tour in Scotland, they said, "Wherever he went he had a gaping crowd around him, and had the address to make them part with their money. He was a pickpocket, and went off to England with a full purse, but with a ruined reputation among all except his bigoted admirers." This was falsehood itself.

I commend to young preachers when they are tried in this fashion the wise and weighty words of Thomas A' Kempis:—

"My son, take it not grievously if some think ill of thee, and speak that which thou wouldest not willingly hear.

"Thou oughtest to be the hardest judge of thyself and to think no man weaker than thyself.

"If thou dost walk spiritually, thou wilt not much weigh fleeting words.

"It is no small wisdom to keep silence in an evil time, and in thy heart to turn thyself to God, and not to be troubled by the judgment of men.

"Let not thy peace depend on the tongues of men; for whether they judge well of thee or ill, thou art not on that account *other than thyself*. Where are *true peace and true glory*? Are they not *a God*? "And he that careth not to

Dr. Campbell once told me the story:—On one occasion, when M was preaching, he said, “I have falsely charged with every crime a human being is capable, except drunkenness.” He had scarcely these words before a wretched started up and screamed out at her voice, “You old villain, and deny it? Did you not pledge you last night for a noggin of whiskey did not the woman sell them to son’s wife?” Having delivered this abominable calumny the victim down amid a thunder-struck

representations of good men are the accidental results of mis-reports. In these days when reporters must furnish brief accounts of public speeches, it is almost impossible for them to do the speakers justice, for in their hurry they hear inaccurately, and in their brevity they give of necessity but a partial report. Now, the omission of a single sentence may make a speaker appear very absurd and eccentric. Of this we have a notable instance in the case of our beloved friend Mr. C. A. Davis, of Bradford. His is a sweet, poetical, well-balanced mind, and yet one would not think so from the newspaper report of a late speech at our College meeting. He is reported to have said of us, "May every hair of your head be a wax candle to light you into glory, and may you be in heaven ten minutes before the devil knows you are dead." Assuredly this looks very outrageous as it stands; but let me personally vouch for its connection. Our friend said that he wished that he was able to express his love to us, and his hearty desires for us, and that he envied the enthusiastic ingenuity of a poor Irish woman who in *thanking her benefactor* exclaimed, "May, *etc.*" Now, the reporter in this case was

... was amused that ce:
should abuse my brother Dav
for he is one of the most qui
and correct speakers that I kno
congratulate him upon gaining
tion for eccentricity by mere ac

Do you not think it very hard
of us can never utter a playfu
without being criticized? Ofte
speak familiarly to my dear fri
unbosom myself, as a man mig
midst of his family, but

“A chiel’s amang ye takin’ no
And faith he’ll prent it.”

This is a sore conce

than a man is capable of doing in a te station, can recompense the trouble measiness of a more public and busy

The injustice of the matter is that a man does but once in a playful ent,—and what poor slave among us not sometimes play?—is bandied id as if it were a fair specimen of his e life. A man in a walk chases a rare rfly, and straightway is regarded as re boy who wastes his time in catch-lies. But is this fair? Is it not a ical lie? For my own part, I have so lived under a glass case, that like the that I have seen at the Crystal e I go on with my work, and try to different to spectators; and when my onal habits are truthfully reported, gh they really are not the concern of ody but myself, I feel utterly in-ent about it, except in times of de-ion, when I sigh for a lodge in some wilderness, where rumours of news-r men and interviewers might never t me more. Would not some of our rs be rather more eccentric than their sters if they were hunted and reported are? *May heaven spare them the on.*

... enough to bear w.
made a laughing-stock before
for matters of which they a
innocent. Taken as a body, t
bably less guilty of anything
any other set of men ; in fac
too apt to freeze into a cold, p
propriety : and therefore it is
counts unwise by exaggeration
hood to damp exceptional fervor
it may be attended with vivacity
and originality of style.

Still there have been eccentric
names occur to us with which t
is fitly connected. Who are t

overdone with gospel, and would scarcely care to be mentioned in connection with the worthies whom I shall more largely speak upon. Neither will I dwell upon the eccentric persecutors who roared and raved against Methodists and revivalists from their pulpits, except that one of them deserves "honourable mention."

"Samuel Roe, a Bedfordshire clergyman in the last century, and vicar of Stotfold, in that county, was a specimen of that inconsistent, but not uncommon character, an enthusiast against enthusiasm. Without any extraordinary capacity or attainments, he might have lived without notice, and have died without remembrance, had he not signalized himself by a proposal for preventing the further growth of Methodism,—a proposal as full of genius as it was of humanity. But this amiable and benevolent man shall be heard in his own words: 'I humbly propose to the legislative powers, when it shall seem meet, to make an example of the tabernacle preachers, by enacting a law to cut out their tongues, as well as the tongues of all field teachers, and others who preach in houses, barns, or elsewhere.'

good men and true, who
the church of God and led s
penitance.

To begin at the Reformati
should single out first and for
old Hugh Latimer. The mit
head did not quench either h
wit. Is there any reformer
strikes with such a homely
the English ear as that of Le
admire Cranmer and Ridley
and the rest of them, but we
There is something so genui
proudly say, so thoroughly
that honest servant of God, t
in death or

the sermon through, for she felt sure she should sleep there? Did he not tell his hearers a queer story of the countryman who thought that Tenterden steeple was the cause of the Goodwin Sands? Listen to such talk as this:—"I will tell you now a pretty story of a friar to refresh you withal. A preacher of the Gray Friars preached many times, and had but one sermon at all times, which sermon was of the ten commandments. And because this friar had preached this sermon so often, one that heard it before told the friar's servant that his master was called *Friar John Ten-Commandments*; wherefore the servant showed the friar his master thereof, and advised him to preach of some other matters; for it grieved the servant to hear his master derided. Now, the friar made answer saying, 'Belike, then, thou knowest the ten commandments well, seeing thou hast heard them so many a time.' 'Yea,' said the servant, 'I warrant you.' 'Let me hear them,' saith the master.' Then he began—"Pride, covetousness, lechery," and so numbered the deadly sins for the ten commandments. And so there be many at this time which be weary of the old gospel; they would

... OF HIS CV
“ I will tell you of a false practice
practised in my country where
But I will not tell it you to teach
the same, but rather abhor it, i
who use such deceitfulness a
damned world without end. I hav
some that had a barren cow, a
would fain have had a great deal c
for her, therefore they go and tak
of another cow and put it to this
cow, and so come to the market, p
ing that this cow hath brought th
and so they sell their barren cow
eight shillings dearer than they
have done else. The man which
the cow

merchant, and he is called one that make shift for himself. But I tell , whosoever thou art, do so if thou thou shalt do it of this price; thou ; go to the devil, and there be hanged he fiery gallows world without end. I you another false deed: I know that e husbandmen go to the market with arter of corn. Now, they would fain dear the worst, as well as the best, efore they use this policy, they go and a strike of fine malt or corn in the om of their sack, then they put two e of the worst they had, then a good e aloft in the sack's mouth, and so come to the market. Now, there eth a buyer, asking, 'Sir, is this good ?' 'I warrant you (saith he) there is etter in this town'; and so he selleth he malt or corn for the best, when e is but two strike of the best in the . The man that bought it thinketh ath good malt, he cometh home. When utteth the malt out of the sack, the e which was in the bottom covereth ll malt which was in the midst, and e good man shall never perceive the l till he cometh to the occupying of rn : the other man that sold it taketh

never come to heaven, as seen in his word. I could tell you of a falsehood, how they make wool too much, but I will not tell it you."

Fancy the flutter among the lawn if a right reverend father were to that fashion in these days. "Show eccentric," would be the verdict of bury and Winchester, and even of and Man.

Taking a great leap and coming to modern times, we note the glorious revival under Whitefield and and we ask—who is the eccentric here? The answer is that several but among them all t

Mr. Thornton seriously admonished erridge for asking in his prayer at Iham Court Road that the Lord give his people no stale bread, but which was baked in the oven that I fail to see the very serious impro- of the prayer; but when Thornton "You once jocularly informed me ou were born with a fool's cap on; my dear sir, is it not high time that ; pulled off?" I agree with the on. Still I have more sympathy Berridge's answer—"A fool's cap is it off so readily as a night cap; one s to the head and the other to the

Odd things break from me as ab- as croaking from a raven." Ber- could not have lived if he had not a vent for his spirits in witty say-

He would seem to have had a fine, soul, which acted upon its impulses at the fear of what observers might Yet was he ever ready to confess his n the direction of excessive mirth, 1 one occasion he traces it to his not in the best physical condition. This seem very absurd, but it is not: I *known seasons when suffering from ia or depression my only hope of*

speaks as usual.

I referred to, it is from one of my letters: "Laughter is not found in all are too happy there to laugh at a disease of fallen nature, and as it affected me sorely *when sunk into the stage of a nervous complaint.* It burst itself on me without provocation, and continued with such violence as to overwhelm me; and nothing could I do but choking it, viz.—filling my mouth with a handkerchief." Such fits were frequent with him, although he was radiant with smiles. I rather regretted the pluck of the man that he could laugh when he was suffering so severely.

guileless smile, accompanied with a tear of pleasure. His love to Christ appears to be intense. The visit left a strong and lasting impression on my heart of the beauty of holiness, of holiness almost matured."

When I remember that there is credible information that in the space of about twelve months some four thousand souls were brought to Christ by his preaching, and that in the region wherein he laboured his name is still mentioned as that of a great saint, I feel that there was nothing in the eccentricity of Berridge of which he needed to be ashamed.

Mr. Hill, whom Berridge calls "Dear Rowley," was hard at work for his Master when the old vicar was going off the stage, and well did he carry out the old man's advice,—“Study not to be a fine preacher: Jerichos are blown down with rams' horns. Look simply unto Jesus for preaching food, and what is wanted will be given, and what is given will be blest, whether it be a barley or a wheaten loaf, a crust or a crumb. Your mouth will be a flowing stream or a fountain sealed, according as your heart is. Avoid all controversy in preaching, talking, or writing

Henry Chapin. Of both of them
to speak more fully further on
in the time of her first for-
duced back-woods' preachers
eccentric order, such as Jac
William Hibbard, James Oxley,
wright, and others of a brave
of men who laboured with t
their hands and the gospel on
tongues. The same country als
Father Taylor, the sailor pi
Boston. However grotesque son
men may seem we cannot but ad
readiness for service and the
querable courage. Think of g
charge where the people write

HAVE BEEN CALLED ECCENTRIC? 69

physical warfare. We trust it will reveal a peculiarity confined to America. A preacher to be equally ready to fight and preach. Some men may be all the better for being knocked down, but the man who is knocked down will surely be all the worse. However, these members of the church are not all rough men dealing with rough men, and we are glad that we are not swept in the direction of fisticuffs. Some Baptists among many others of note have had Robert Robinson, of Andover, of whom Robert Hall said he could say "what he pleased, when he pleased, and how he pleased," and John Ryland, of Northampton, whose piety and naturalness sometimes carried him into eccentric regions. Among the Methodists have sprung up William Dawson, Gideon Ousely, Squire Peck, and others whose names will not be forgotten. Now, it strikes me that we were bound to make out a short list of earnest and successful soul-winners. We might be content to take the list as we have already made out. To the best of my knowledge, at the very least, it is remarkable that eccentricity and usefulness often go together. *wicked eccentric people, who are so*

Wilks way --
whims and oddities was
am told that a deputat
waited upon the old
postulate with him for
utterance; he was sho
people, and his advis
would endeavour to
"Well, gentlemen, if
you have to say, I will
a minute or two wh
Mr. Wilks went up
down a long roll
unfolded with due
that." Yes, they lo
see the number of

and oddities I will try and alter my ways to please you ; but until then I shall certainly follow my own course." Common sense declares Mr. Wilks to have been right. We do not say that the end justifies the means, but we would venture to hint that means which have such an end need very little justifying.

Let those whose barren ministries are as proper and decorous as a row of grave-stones complain of the oddities of those who bring thousands to Christ : as for us, we have no heart for fault-finding, and only wish, without imitating their eccentricity, to find out the secret of the success of these men, if by any means we might save some. Eccentric or not eccentric will be a small matter with us if men are delivered from the wrath to come and led to trust in Jesus by the word which we preach.

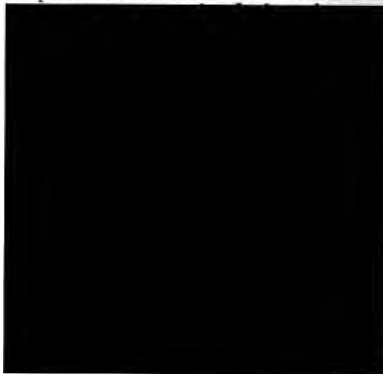




USES OF ECCENTRICITY.

We continued talking about eccentricity, but we have not yet decided what is which makes a man eccentric. Now we come to the point. Some men have been reckoned eccentric and only because *they have been*

They have been themselves, not copies of others: what was in



in his household arrangements, as, for instance, when he says to a friend: "I am glad to see you write of a visit to Everton; we have always plenty of horse provender at hand; but unless you send me notice beforehand of your coming, you will have a cold and scanty meal; for we roast only twice in the week. Let me have a line, and I will give you the same treat I always gave to Mr. Whitefield, an eighteen-penny barn-door fowl; this will neither burst you nor ruin me; half you shall have at noon with a pudding, and the rest at night. Much grace and sweet peace be with yourself and partner; and the blessing of a new heart be with your children. With many thanks, I remain your affectionate servant, J. B."

Nor is it less manifest in his hymns, even the most sober of them, as for instance in the well-known verse where he speaks of the saints in heaven and cries—

"Ah, Lord, with feeble steps I creep,
And sometimes sing and sometimes weep;
But strip me of my house of clay,
And I will sing as loud as they."

We are not likely to censure the good man for his oddities more severely than

Sometimes ~~ign~~ . . .

“What a motley wretch am I,
Full of inconsistency!
Sure the plague is in my heart
Else I could not act this part.”

Rowland Hill, again, was odd b
and though he put great constr
himself his oddity would break
one occasion he preached in Dr
chapel at Peckham, where every
of the most stately order. He
twenty-five minutes in a strain
solemnity, but at last the real
out, and for the next quarter
quaintness came to the fron
he observ

without them. Do we blame the man for being himself? We blame him not, but commend him. Originality is not to be censured, but encouraged. Sir Joshua Reynolds says of painters, "Few have been taught to any purpose who have not been their own teachers." It was the excellence of Gainsborough that he formed his style for himself in the fields, and not in the studios of an academy. "The methods he used for producing his effects had very much the appearance of an artist who had never learned from others the usual and regular practice belonging to the art ; for still, like a man of strong intuitive perception of what was required, he found out a way of his own to accomplish his purpose." We need in the pulpit more Gainsboroughs, for we have quite enough of the academy men of this school and the other.

Cold-hearted professionals follow each other in one line, like those caterpillars which I have seen at Mentone, which make a procession head to tail in a straight line, till you half fancy it is only one single insect ; but the man who serves his God with *his whole heart* is apt to forget his *surroundings*, and to fling himself so

because *they have been*
their fellows. Exact truth
too common in our country
they are busy and cannot
call on them, but they
Writing to persons
many begin with, "I
to persons for whom
they subscribe themselves
servant." These are
specimens of genteel
straws they show to
Now there are a few
centric because the
etiquettical lying,

truth is thought to be eccentric, the age itself is out of gear.

Father Taylor presided at a prayer meeting among his sailor converts, and a great man from the City came in to honour the poor people with his presence and to patronize their missionary. He made a speech, in which he extolled the kindness of the wealthy Christian people of Boston in helping to build Mr. Taylor's chapel, and assisting in his support. He praised these superior people for their great consideration of poor degraded sailors; and he gave the audience a sufficient allowance of condescension to last them for the next six months at the least. As soon as the great man had finished, Mr. Taylor quietly asked, "Is there any other old sinner from up town who would like to say a word before we go on with the meeting?" The eccentricity of that expression lay in the truthfulness which thus rebuked the impertinence of the speaker.

Good Mr. Grimshaw of Haworth once displayed his eccentricity when Mr. Whitefield was preaching in his church. Whitefield in his sermon having spoken *everely* of those professors of the gospel

topic to the Cong-
who had long been
the earnest addressee
faithful preacher. I
and says in a loud
God's sake, don't speak
not flatter them. I
of them are going to
open." Very difficult
smooth-spoken flatter
the visit of an ex-
people were only
wicked, and he was
was one such person.
Mr. Hill once
-he was in the h

unctuous brethren would every now and then lavish upon him. "There," said he, "I have been much pleased with my people's prayers to-night. No stuff, no flattery, no speaking of me as a dear, venerable saint, until I almost go into hysterics. Saint, indeed! A poor worm! I can scarcely refrain from speaking aloud, when such language frets my ears." To a wealthy man who had headed a subscription list for an excellent institution with a very small sum, he said, "I will have nothing to do with it since you do so little for it. You have strangled the child in its birth, when you should have nourished and cherished it until you had set it upon its feet."

Now, in these cases the eccentricity lay in plain speaking, and this is an order of eccentricity of which we cannot very well have too much, if it be accompanied by sincere affection and tempered with gentleness. But of this I feel quite sure, that if any man will make up his mind that he will only say what he believes to be strictly true, he will be thought odd and eccentric before the sun goes down.

Certain preachers have been very eccentric because they have been manly, too

was often thought eccentric but his boldness in the pulpit affectations. In places where it would be so as to startle the doctor illustrate your words by an eccentric to use a simple fact, eccentric to utter anything than the polished. True-hearted men are cramped by the cramping-irons but they are of the Wilks who said, "Flee 'What will men say?' conscience will cry, say?" " Egyptian art.

rator from any fault ; the case is the
 with preachers who break through
 cial rules, and boldly refuse to be mere
 sts of the regulation patterns. In
 places the style has been fixed by
 venerated pastor who has gone to his
 his threadbare mantle, which was
 lent wear for him, is supposed to be
 xact garment for his successor, and
 old women of both sexes cry out
 ist any who choose to wear their own
 es.

is easy enough among Dissenters to
 regulations as rigid as could be in-
 d by any bench of bishops ; you may
 vary the length of the hymn or the
 : of the service by a hair's breadth,
 ou will sin against your own reputa-
 and the feelings of the conservative
 on of the congregation. There are
 of such places now, but quite enough,
 where the evil rules, the good folks are
 nacious of their established nonsense
 er the Church of England can be of
 rinted prayers and rubrics ; and the
 her must submit to all the regular
 e as if it were Scripture itself, or be
 unced eccentric and wanting in de-
 l. *A man that is a man will yield*

to be worthless

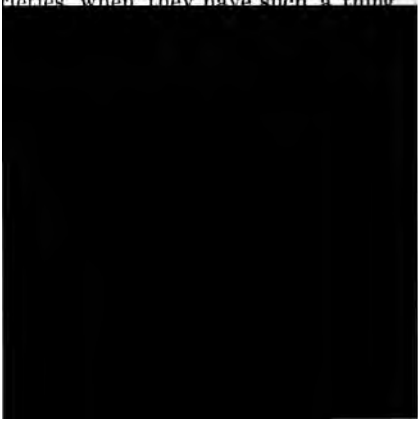
his foot through them, and
an end of the rubbish. Some con-
tentions are dying of dignity, and re-
aroused by real life. People said that
Hill rode on the back of order and
rum, and therefore he called his
horses by those names, so that if he
not ride on the back of them he might
the saying nearly true by being
behind them. Order and decorum
some of our churches, have made
themselves to be deadly sins; and
burying the dead. Some congregations
are so very orderly that they are
-14 in which the corpses lie, es-
sentially to men

death, or sleep of death, which is so dear mere routine. Think of such an event the following happening among your orderly readers of other men's discourses, or the like has happened and must have happened many times. A certain preacher delivered a discourse in which occurred such a passage as this: "On account of your sins, and your neglect of the house of God, your wantonness and your gluttony, the anger of the Most High is provoked, and therefore is this great plague come upon you, and death is raging in every street." When the sermon was finished the officials of the township came to know where this plague was, and what deaths had happened; indeed, all the congregation were anxious to know where this dreadful disease was raging. Oh," said this orderly reader of sermons, "I do not know where it is, but it was in your sermon, and so I was obliged to read it to you." It would be easy enough to enlarge upon the accidents which must occur here borrowed, or rather stolen, sermons are preached; but this is not my point, I merely mention this as one instance of the way in which prosy routine becomes itself ludicrous. *To me it seems always ludicrous*

CAUSES OF ECCENTRICITY.

looked at through the glass of truth. Wealth, fashionableness, and dignity are but a little separated from the ridiculous; and in their very best there is but one step between them, and that step is often taken through the grave obliviousness that it is so.

I dare not make bold to say that some men have been styled eccentric because *they are really in earnest*, and earnestness defies convention. I do not believe that it is possible for a man in downright earnest to be always "proper." I suppose there is no proper way of getting a lady out of her chamber when her house is on fire, but doubtless our firemen often violate the proprieties when they have such a thing



sake of etiquette? A man may go into the pulpit as prim as you please, and he may even wear tight-fitting lavender gloves, such as I have heard of; but let him feel an inward anguish for the souls of men and he will forget his dignity and burst his gloves, and in all probability never buy a second pair. A man may be stiffly proper, and even elegant and delicate till he comes to real grips with men's consciences, and then, like the soldier at Waterloo who wished to be in his shirt-sleeves, he will feel hampered by his buckram and his starch, and speak like a man to men, and then some booby or other will hold up his hands and cry, "Dear me, how dreadfully eccentric!"

A few divines have seemed to be eccentric because of *the wealth of poetry which dwelt in their speech*. Men of the prosaic school are quite startled by expressions which to poetical minds are natural enough, and by no means singular. It needs genius in the hearer to enjoy genius in the preacher. One of my personal friends, whose sermons are essentially poems, laughed the other day right heartily at the expression of an admiring hearer, *who did not at one time appreciate him.*

of-fact which is
beauty of sparkling metaphors and
and therefore sees instead mere eccen-
tricity. In my earlier days I have heard
rustic prayers which thrilled *me*, not only
with their spirituality, but with their
poetry, and yet I heard others exclaim
against the extravagance of the language.
One whom many regarded as eccentric
his preaching was a great favourite with
me, and I remember now his striking
sayings, his choice aphorisms, and his
imagery, while other sermons have faded
from my memory, because they did not
touch my heart. I could have said
John Bradford said of Lat

of shrewd common sense. They have
 ed those who sought to entrap them,
 in revenge, their adversaries have
 bed them eccentric. They were not
 e so easily gulled as their cotempo-
 es, but levelled a little mother-wit at
 s, and hypocrites, and deriders, and
 hey must be libelled as odd fellows.
 this is a point which I do not intend
 lwell upon at any length, I will only
 strate it by the story of the eccentric
 herd, and remark that similar shrewd-
 on the part of ministers is of the
 ost value, but is pretty sure to incur
 charge of eccentricity. Here is the
 y. "An exceedingly proud clergyman,
 ig over a common, saw a shepherd
 ling his flock, and wearing a new coat.
 parson asked in a haughty tone who
 him that coat. 'The same people
 l the shepherd) that clothe you—the
 sh.' The clergyman, nettled a little,
 on murmuring a considerable way,
 at length sent his man back to ask the
 herd if he would come and live with
 for he thought of keeping a fool.
 man went to the shepherd accord-
 7 and delivered his master's message,
 ining that his master really wanted ?

capable of giving to hypocri mockers, and they did well thus t them, but it earned them the eccentric.

Some men have been eccentric count of *the vast amount of energy with which they have been* . Certain persons when they talk action to the word from the nature and habit. It is in th to be dramatic. Look at a man, how he speaks with his ha shoulders, his eyebrows, his feet, whole body. Very few English thus dramatic, but here and there

ed up in the pulpit he said, "This
 't do." He opened the pulpit door
 he came down the stairs to the bottom
 he pulpit, and there he began to fell
 s and cut and saw them, and then he
 ned to be hammering away to make
 ark, which was represented by the
 pit. This ark was made before them
 the people being worked up to an ex-
 ce excitement while Dawson continued
 ry, "There is a flood coming, I am
 ing this ark for the saving of my
 se; there is no hope for anybody but
 e who come into the ark." Then he
 ned to be boiling a great cauldron of
 h, until he took his long brush and
 hed the ark within and without, and
 n all was done there was his ship on the
 land, and like Noah he turned round
 asked the people once again whether
 r would come into it and be saved.
 y would not come in, and so he declared
 ould go in alone. He went up into the
 pit and shut the door with the words,
 nd the Lord shut him in." Then came
 flood, and our informant said that he
 as if the floor of the chapel burst up
the water began bubbling from below,
great water-floods poured from

soon be the case, and preach
them Jesus as the only salvation
of us would attempt this, but I w
have laid a finger on Dawson
should he not depict the scene in
way? If God gave him the h
faculty, why should he not use
press his hearers? Perhaps he k
those who were around him cou
impressed in any other way. Th
who on another occasion describ
and Goliath. He represente
coming forth with his sling, and
boasting that he would give hi
the fowls of the air and to the

Hick, the village blacksmith, who was sitting near the preacher, rose up under tremendous excitement and cried, "Now then, Billy, off with his head!"

For my part, I like this dramatizing kept within check and thoroughly well done. You have, probably, seen Mr. Gough do that sort of thing admirably in his orations. Have I not seen him walk what seemed to me miles while he was delivering one of his addresses, rushing over the plains and through the rivers, and at last up the sides of Vesuvius after a bubble? I think I see him now, with his feet sinking in the hot ashes, struggling in vain and perishing before our eyes. It was grandly done, and no one had a right to object to it. Gough has caught Garrick's idea, and speaks of truths as truths, making them visible before our eyes. I know the criticisms which are so easy to make about histrionic displays, theatrical action, miracle plays, and so forth, and I know also the real dangers which surround the practice; but I would far rather incur all the supposable perils than altogether banish such an awakening force from the pulpit.

Sometimes men have been regarded as

reasonable. They meant to save
souls somehow, by the blessing
and therefore they resolved to do
and everything by which they
at the stolid, ignorant, and indiffe
hence the things which they
been *outré* and striking, but no
than the need required. Such
words or acts have been divorced
circumstances out of which th
and put aside from the connect
design of the preacher has been f
and then the thing which has b
has seemed to be eccentric at leas
censurable; though, mark you,

from my more abrupt manner may be a relief:—“A pious woman, a member of Surrey Chapel, was married to a husband who, though kind to her, had no sense of religion, but delighted in spending the hours in swilling beer which she spent in attendance on the preaching of the gospel. It so happened that the couple, through some disappointment in business, had been unable to pay their rent on a particular quarter day. The consequence was that a distraint on their furniture was put into their house, and a party was employed, as the technical phrase has it, ‘to take possession.’ After turning over every scheme in their minds which could suggest itself for extricating themselves from the difficulties in which they were involved, they were about to despair, when the idea occurred to the wife of submitting the circumstances of the case to Mr. Hill. She accordingly proceeded to his house, at once got access to him, and with no small degree of tremor made a short and simple representation of the state of matters.

“‘How much would you require to save your furniture and get rid of the person in possession?’ enquired Mr. Hill.

“‘*Eighteen pounds, sir, would be quite*

Send your husband to the
home, and I will have two ten p
notes ready by the time he arrive
wish to give the notes to him rather
to you.'

"Mrs. D—— quitted Mr. Hill's l
and hurried home with light foot, but
a still lighter heart. Having commu
cated to her husband what had p
between herself and her minister, it i
necessary to say that he lost no time i
ceeding to the house of Mr. Hill.
latter received him with much kin
of manner.

" 'And so,' said he, 'you are so
fortunate as to have a person in posses

" 'We unfortunately have, sir.'

" 'And twenty pounds will be su

“The other advanced to the table, took the notes, and was in the act of folding them up, at the same time warmly thanking Mr. Hill for the act of friendship he had done him, and expressing a hope that he would soon be able to pay the amount back again, when the reverend gentleman suddenly exclaimed, ‘Stop a little! Just lay the notes down again until I ask a blessing on them.’

“The other did as he was desired, on which Mr. Hill, extending both his arms, uttered a short prayer to this effect:—‘O Lord, who art the Author of all mercy and the Giver of every good and perfect gift, do thou be graciously pleased to bless the sum of money which is given to him who is now before thee, that it may conduce to his present and eternal welfare. For Jesus Christ’s sake.’”

“‘Now sir,’ said Rowland Hill, as he finished his brief supplication, ‘now, sir, you may take the money.’

“The party a second time took up the two ten pound notes, and was in the act as before of folding them up, when Mr. Hill interposed, by reminding him that he had forgotten *one thing*. It may be easily *supposed that by this time he was a good*

— you had better do
“ ‘Sir,’ faltered out the o
able to support himself, ‘
pray. I never prayed in all

“ ‘You have the more no
now,’ observed the reverend
his own cool yet rebuking ma

“ ‘I cannot, sir; I do not
to say.’

“ ‘Try, try and thank God
blessing, however short your
be.’

“ ‘I cannot, sir; I cannot
sentence.’

“ ‘Then you can’t have the
will not lend twenty pence’

is a very excellent first prayer, for it
 from the heart. Take the money, and
 y God's blessing be given along with

As he spoke, Mr. Hill took up the
 o ten pound notes, and transferring
 em to the half-bewildered man, cordially
 ok him by the hand, and wished him
 od morning.

"It only remains for me to mention,
 t not only did the husband and wife
 ome prosperous in secular matters, but
 e incident made so deep an impression
 the husband's mind as to end in his
 ersion to God."

It was strange thus as it were to drive
 man to pray, but who shall say it was
 ong? My second incident is more wild,
 d I give it as I recollect it; if I err in
 uracy I shall be sorry, but I will tell it
 nearly as I remember it. A Methodist
 acher went to a certain town in the
 rth, but found hardly anyone to hear
 n, and he preached a while with no stir
 earing among the dry bones. One
 nday morning he said, "I tell you what
 is, friends. This town is responsible to
 d for the possession of the means of
 ace, which *it does not use*. I cannot get
people to hear, but I can remove some of

Will clear out
and leave the chapel a wreck.
shall not perish with the gospel
them. The candlestick shall
away since they refuse the light.
menced by laying his axe at
and in part demolishing it, befo
of the few who were present.
said he, "tell your friends th
part of the responsibility gon
rest will follow." The aston
went home and spread the am
and in a very short time the
thronged. You say, "This *w*
tric man." Well, I do not
proceedings, but I judge that
than 1

ings of praise. Why, dear me, if the abernacle were empty, and we could not l the house without doing or saying mething striking, I think we might, if were for the first time in our life, run e risk of being thought eccentric.

Everything looks ridiculous or not according to its surroundings. Wisdom and it may become folly and even falsehood, they are severed from the occasion which lled them forth. Listen to an ancient le of a traveller who reported that he id seen a cabbage so large that a whole giment of soldiers took shelter under it om a shower of rain. To him another, ho was no traveller, asked if they would lieve him if he told them that on the ry day in which this cabbage was seen e had himself passed by a place where ur hundred braziers were making a uldron—two hundred of them ham-ering outside, and two hundred inside stening the rivets ! The traveller eagerly quired of what use such a cauldron could e, and received the following answer. Sir, it was to boil your cabbage." Now, this second person's story was repeated ray from *its connection*, and its form *ghtly altered*, a richly deserved rebuke

There is an extraordinary
Father André, a French preacher
repute, for what was called
He was preaching one afternoon
gregation of persons who dis-
ligion both as to themselves
families, and he wished both
them and to upbraid them for
in which they were bringing
little ones. He first asked the
questions from the Catechism
tained no replies; and he threw
sleeve, and out there flew a paper
The people were shocked with
course, but he quietly looked
at the children

tions till he had gone far into the
 , and received correct answers all
 d. "Ah," he says, "I see how you
 training your children. You teach
 to know all the cards, but you
 ot instruct them in the faith. Are
 not ashamed of yourselves?" Here
 nounce no verdict, I could not have
 it myself, nor should I like to hear
 y friend of mine doing the like ; but
 not tell what was good for Catholics
 rance so long ago.

assenius, a Dutch court preacher, in
 end of the seventeenth century, had
 greatly vexed by seeing a consider-
 part of his congregation going to
 . One day he suddenly stopped, and
 ng out a battledore and shuttlecock,
 n playing with them. Of course,
 leepers all awoke directly; the wake-
 nes jogging their neighbours to share
 heir astonishment. Then Lassenius
 d upon them with a severe rebuke.
 en I announce to you serious and
 rtant truths, you are not ashamed
 to sleep; but when I play the fool
 re all eye and ear." Sharp medicine
 for a *desperate* disease, and the phy-
 who administered it was in grievous

to form an opinion one way or t
Certainly it must be very provok
people sleeping, and yet it is no
wonderful that they should do so
consider the drowsy sounds to wh
are doomed to listen. "I feel v
with preaching," said a young b
preacher. "O man," said a sh
hearer, "did you say you were ti
you are only half as tired of it as
pity you." I am afraid that thi
the question is too often forgotte

The following story is worth re
I do not hesitate to say that I
have done the same, and should h

ably you may suffer from the cold. The cushion, too, is in a bad condition; I beg of you not to say anything to people on the subject; they are poor, sensitive!' 'O no! O no!' said Mrs. M., 'You may trust me to be very quiet about such things.' But ere he left the pulpit he filled a bag with rags and took it with him. When he had been in the pulpit a short time, feeling somewhat in-tempered by the free circulation of the air, he deliberately took from the bag a handful of rags, and stuffed them into the window sills. Towards the close of his discourse, which was more or less upon the subject of the respectability of the people towards their minister, he became very animated, and purposely brought down both fists upon the pulpit cushion with tremendous force. The feathers flew in all directions, and the cushion was nearly emptied. He checked the current of his thoughts, and simply remarked, 'Why, how these feathers fly!' and then proceeded. He had fulfilled his purpose of not addressing the people on the subject, but had taught them a lesson to be misunderstood. On the next Sabbath the window and cushion were found in excellent repair."

HOW WE
for Christ, and how willingly we
as solemn as death itself if we
that this would win your hearts,
not so much blame our occasion
If you knew how little we desire
and how much we desire to
souls, you would commend our
excuse our style. We ramble b
ramble. O that we could seize t
ing sheep, and bring them to
true fold. I say, if you knew
we have to bring men to Christ
not be so ready to catch at
thing which violates the cano
Resides. we are not bound t

and pray his Master to put more good into him. What if the man be odd and strange, yet, as men take pearls out of oyster shells, so may you be willing to accept from God whatever of precious truth he sends you. Despise not the heavenly treasure because of the earthen vessel. Lose not an opportunity of being enriched because the gold lies in connection with common earth.

And, oh, dear brothers, who are engaged in winning souls, let me say to you, by the memories of all these good men who have gone before you, and who were counted eccentric, fear no man's frown, and court no man's smile, but say the right thing and the true, and say it as best you can, and ask God's help that you may say it so that you may make men feel it, even though you sting them into anger; for blessed shall that man be who has discharged his conscience before the living God. Do not sacrifice your hearers' souls to your own reputations. Be fools for Christ's sake, if need be, that you may gain the careless ones. The curse of the age is the unearthly ministry which mocks it. I say "unearthly," but I do *not mean heavenly*, I mean unpractical,

were there regular sermons
discourses such as they could understand
and such as would touch their every
life? I, for one, have reason to speak
the contrary, and that without a shadow
of a doubt. Do you think that England
would be so ready to be enticed
to Rome if all her ministers were preaching
the gospel as they ought to be? With
such a company of preachers discourses
twice every Sunday, besides the weekly
exercises, ought not our island to be
conquered, as by the sun at noon, so that
it would be impossible for the Roman
yoke to return. Things would have
been different if there had been more



HUGH LATIMER, 1480—1555.

POPISH historians have not hesitated to describe Latimer as extremely eccentric. Lingard says, "His eloquence was bold and vehement, but poured forth in coarse and sarcastic language, and seasoned with quaint low jests and buffoonery." This accusation is evidently made for the purpose of whitewashing Popery and blackening the Reformation. It is with pleasure that we read it, because it enables us to enrol the bishop amongst the noble army of the slandered servants of God. We have no wish to deny that Latimer was exceedingly quaint, and intermingled flashes of pleasantry with his earnest exhortations and serious arguments; but it was always with the view of confounding error and reaching the hearts of his hearers.

Here is an example of his shrewdness.
Dr. Buckingham, one of the Black Friars,

SORTS OF EXTREMES. "Thus," said
example, the ploughman, when he
this in the gospel, 'no man that le
hand on the plough and looketh
meet for the kingdom of God,' wi
venture upon this cease from his
ing. Likewise the baker, when he
that 'a little leaven corrupteth th
lump of dough,' may perchance le
bread unleavened, and so our bc
unseasoned." Latimer heard this
and engaged to answer the arg
which he did from the same pulpi
afternoon, Dr. Buckingham sittin
site to him with his Black Friar
upon his shoulder. "A C. 11"

fox, but only as a figure of caution to beware of that hypocrisy, craft, and dissimulation which lie hid many times under those cowls."

The general preaching of Latimer before and after he became a bishop was very plain and homely, and exactly suited to the manners and tastes of the people to whom he spoke. His sermons should be read by every lover of racy English. We have only space for one extract, which will show how very plain and colloquial he could be. "A good fellow on a time had another of his friends to a breakfast, and said, If you will come, you shall be welcome; but I tell you aforehand, you shall have but slender fare, one dish, and that is all. What is that? said he. A pudding, and nothing else. Marry (said he), you cannot please me better; of all meats, this is for mine own tooth; you may draw me round about the town with a pudding. These bribing magistrates and judges follow gifts faster than the fellow would follow the pudding." Latimer wanted his words to be remembered so as to work reform, and he did well to put them in such a shape that they would ring over the land. *We will warrant that this pudding*

very poute.

The dauntless courage of servant of God was seen in towards Henry VIII. One day, instead of carrying, according to custom of that age, a rich gift, he presented him with the New Testament, a leaf of which was turned to the following passage, "Whoremongers are the wrath of God will judge." This might have cost him his life; but bluff Henry, being angry, admired the man's courage. Upon a certain occasion of preaching before Henry, Hugh Latimer, wont, spake his mind very freely, and the sermon displeased his majesty.

and reprov-
 ed us and on all
 , modestly, "I
 " Which are
 in season and

er-
 cited from his
 depth and con-
 stant persecution
 a good man. The
 common cause with
 him. "*The old*
 by which he was
 twenty and thirty
 things moved
 in him wherever
 his own church was
 he said up to the
 of men clamber-
 ing on the cross-beams of
 the steeple were filled
 and even the out-
 side of the very top, so
 that almost stifled.
 that the people
 of the style was so in-
 and simple, that
 they could not hear the
 message which he

down his bishopric,
moned to be tried for his life
hesitated not to appear and
holy faith to the death. His w
stake were characteristic of the
dressing Bishop Ridley, who v
with him, he said, "Be of good
Master Ridley, and play the
shall this day light such a candl
grace in England as I trust sha
put out." *And by God's gra
shall be.*



JGH PETERS, 1599—1660.

most slandered man of his times was
Peter, who was executed at the
execution as a ringleader in the so-
called Great Rebellion. He is usually set
forth as a wretched jester, and traduced
as a mountebank, whereas there is far
more evidence to show that he was a
true preacher of the gospel. We give
him a place here, not because we altogether
revere him, but as a matter of justice to
one who has been falsely accused.

In his unconverted life he was a daring
rascal; but after he was converted he be-
came a powerful preacher of the word. At
St. Dunstons Church his preaching was
popular, and, better still, it was made
useful in the conversion of hundreds.
During a prayer for the queen uttered
at which were taken to imply that she
had a need of repentance, as in all proba-
bility she was, he was imprisoned by Laud.

Here he was detained by the
out of the civil wars, during which
came an army chaplain, was pres
many great battles, and was fre
sent up to the parliament to rep
gress.

Peters was at one time secret
Oliver Cromwell. Carlyle quotes
description of the taking of Basing
and speaks of him as "a man conc
whom the reader has heard so man
hoods." The utmost malice of the Ca
was expended in blackening this mar
racter with the view of excusing his
tion by Charles II., which was r

It was the common expression of those days that the saints should have the praises of God in their mouths and a two-edged sword in their hands, and this was far too prominently the case with Peters. He was "the fighting parson" of his day; but like the Ironsides among whom he ministered he was a devout soldier, and was made a soldier by his devotion. Our views and sympathies do not run in that direction, but we are too much indebted to the warriors of the Commonwealth to be in a hurry to condemn them. There was an intense earnestness about Hugh Peters, and as his sermons were meant for soldiers, and had relation to stormy politics, they were in all probability rough-hewn, and by no means pleasant in the ears of cavaliers; but the coarse jests which were imputed to him were evidently none of his, since they were current long before he was born. Some studious owner of the little volume in the British Museum which records these vile witticisms has annotated it in such a way as to prove that the larger number of the *anecdotes* are fabrications. Thus, "Jest 1: *This is a Norman tale of the twelfth*

church the King -
brought in these words, *God*
us from the yoke of tyranny;
ing his hands towards the
saith he, *Preserve thy servants*
paw of the lion and the horn
corn.

“Discoursing of the advan-
tians have above heathens,
that the heathen are guided
instinct, but we have the w
to us; and indeed, saith h
hath a very free passage an
I am confident it no soone
one ear, but it is out at the
175. Peter's saying a

were hurt. At which Mr. Peters cries out, 'What a mad man are you to seek for any such thing; if he had possessed any brains he would never have ventured into so foolish a contest.' "

Hugh Peters sinned against the whole party of Church-and-King by his zealous defence of the Parliamentary cause, and at the same time he shocked the Presbyterians by pleading for A TOLERATION OF ALL SECTS, and this was reckoned to be the very worst of crimes. Men who are in advance of their age are abused for principles which in due time become accepted. A man who was secretary to Oliver Cromwell, who had Philip Nye and Goodwin for intimate friends, and Milton for his apologist, was not a bad man: this is morally certain. His peculiarities arose out of his passionate enthusiasm for the cause of liberty, and the remarkable combination in his person of soldier and preacher.

In the works of Hugh Peters there are no indications of his being a jester, but abundant evidence of his genius and fertility of mind. The little book entitled "*A Dying Father's Last Legacy to an only Child*" was written by his own hand

“He that sees
thing by it more than the glor
and the saving his own soul wil
bad bargain of it at the close.”

“Make Christ your wisdom.
you were thus wise! Much of
be pared off before it will be u
have seen the ways of it though
could pretend to much of it: b
know, that being unsanctified,
sword in a madman's hand. I
itself in vanity, foolish jesting, a
of those who are weaker than c
yea, it often leads men to play
blessed word of God.”

“If I go shortly where time sl
more, where neither cock nor clo
quishes hours, sink not, but lay
... been th



DANIEL BURGESS, 1645—1713.

THE name of Daniel Burgess is usually associated with jesting, but this is another instance of the way in which worthy men have been held up to ridicule. He was a Dissenter, and a man of great courage and boldness of speech; he was also a quaint and attractive preacher, and so the word went forth from the evil one that he should be denounced as a buffoon. In those days there was no law to protect the Dissenter, or at least no officer who cared to put it in force, and so Mr. Burgess and his congregation were shamefully annoyed by persons of the baser sort; but when he was urged to prosecute these disturbers he only replied, "No, I have freely forgiven them, and shall never meditate revenge." These are not the words of a buffoon.

His hearers procured for him a meeting-house in Brydges Street, Covent Garden, where a large congregation always

who came only to make themselves
at the expense of religion, Dissenters
Daniel Burgess. This his undaunted
age, his pointed wit, and ready eloquence
turned to great advantage: for he
quently fixed his eye on those scoffers
addressing them personally in a
piercing, and serious manner, was
to the conversion of many who came
to mock."

He continued as pastor over this congregation for thirty years, during which a new place of worship was built by the Carey Street, and when this was wrecked by Sacheverell's mob, it was

has to regret that his lordship did not learn what Daniel Burgess might have taught him; for Daniel, with all his oddities, which made him for so many years the butt of Swift, Steele, and the other wits of the time, was a man of real piety."

One story which is told of him may have possibly been true, but we are not sure. When treating on the robe of righteousness, he said, "If any of you would have a good and cheap suit, you will go to Monmouth Street; if you want a suit for life, you will go to the Court of Chancery; but if you wish for a suit that will last to eternity, you must go to the Lord Jesus Christ, and put on his robe of righteousness." This is probably a garbled quotation. The reader may accept it *cum grano salis*.

Although it pleased the graceless wittings of his day to father silly stories upon Burgess, it is clear to all impartial persons that he was a man of mark, and of deep piety. When the Society for the Reformation of Manners was instituted he was selected to preach the first sermon. This was published under the title of "The Golden Snuffers," and is a proof of how *the good man* was vilified; for a critic

fiddlers to tickle your ears, n
tioners to please your palates,
cians to cure your diseases ;
nauseate our most needful me
dare not withhold them, and ;
with sugared poisons." We ar
the critic never saw the sermon,
it from the title alone. The fir
the preacher by a society which c
the ablest ministers would not
on a mere buffoon.

Our best evidence that Dan
was a good man and true is f
facts that he was thought wor
contemporaries to preach one

“He often said he chose rather to be profitable than fashionable in his preaching, and that he thought it cost him more pains to study plainness than it did others to study fineness; and he would be willing to go out of the common way to meet with sinners, to persuade them to return to their God. ‘That is the best key (said he) that fits the lock, and opens the door, though it be not a silver or a golden one.’ Many have acknowledged that they came to hear him at first only to scoff at him, and make a jest of what he said, but went away under such convictions about the concerns of their souls and another world, as, it was hoped, ended in a happy change of their spirits.

“In his preaching he insisted mostly upon the first great principles of religion, which all good Christians are agreed in; and one who was a very competent judge told me, he thought he had as good a faculty in demonstrating them, and making them plain and evident, as most men he ever heard. He much lamented and vigorously opposed the growth of deism and infidelity among us, saying he dreaded a ‘*Christless Christianity*.’ He meddled not *with party matters, or matters of doubtful*

to guard against the two
sumption and despair. He
used some plain similitudes
turns of expression, or little
perhaps as we find Bishop I
mons full of, which by some
to his reproach; but it is
particular stories were malicio
on him, that were abominal
raised by a lying spirit only to
usefulness; and in the gener
dustriously misrepresented by
it is to be feared therein d
kindness for serious godlines
man having once the curios
hear him. when he had done.



JOHN BERRIDGE, 1716—1793.

JOHN BERRIDGE, the vicar of Everton, was commended by John Wesley as one of the most simple as well as most sensible of all whom it pleased God to employ in reviving primitive Christianity. He was a man of remarkable learning, being as familiar in the learned languages as in his mother tongue, and well instructed in theology, logic, mathematics, and metaphysics: he was not, therefore, eccentric because he was ignorant. He possessed a strength of understanding, quickness of perception, depth of penetration, and brilliancy of fancy beyond most men, while a vein of innocent humour ran through all his public and private discourses. His biographer tells us that this softened what some might call the austerity of religion, and rendered his company pleasant to people of *a less serious habit*; and yet he adds,—“*It is very singular that it never overcame his*

trines of sovereign grace, and preached the gospel in the clearest possible manner. In his ministry he was diligence itself, moving through the counties of Cambridge, Bedford, Hertford, and Huntingdon continually, preaching upon an average ten to twelve sermons a week, and moving from place to place on horseback. He told a friend—"I fear my weekly circuit would not suit a London or a Bath circuit, nor any tender evangelist that is envied with prunello. Long rides and mire in sharp weather! Cold houses too with very moderate fuel, and three or four children roaring or rocking about

and the bishop sent for him and reproved him for preaching "at all hours and on all days." "My lord," said he, modestly, "I preach only at two seasons." "Which are they, Mr. Berridge?" "In season and out of season, my lord."

The revival which resulted from his efforts was remarkable for depth and continuance, and for the personal persecution which it brought upon the good man. The clergy and gentry made common cause with the lowest mob against him. "*The old devil*" was the only name by which he was distinguished for between twenty and thirty years; but none of these things moved him. Crowds waited upon him wherever he journeyed, and his own church was crammed, we had almost said up to the ceiling, for we have heard of men clambering up and sitting upon the cross-beams of the roof, while the windows were filled within and without, and even the outside of the pulpit, to the very top, so that Mr. Berridge seemed almost stifled. There is no wonder that the people thronged him, for his style was so intensely earnest, homely, and simple, that every ploughman was glad to hear the gospel preached in a tongue which he

himself unable to exercise his
on his subject, and felt him
"like a barber's block with a
but his hearers did not think
were excited to a passionate fer
words. On one occasion, while
the stairs of the pulpit at
Court Road, his memory seen
him, and he commenced his
saying, "I set out to this pla
with a sack well filled with
wheaten bread, which I hoped
fore you, but the bottom came
sack as I walked up-stairs, a
nothing left for you but five ha

ty miles, and were at Everton
1 o'clock in the morning, having
from home soon after midnight.
early years of his ministry he was
ness of strange scenes, when the
took the same form as it did a few
o in certain parts of the north of
and was accompanied by physical
ations. The phenomena then pre-
were very remarkable, but we must
that we have no faith in their
l character, and are sorry to hear
occurrence. After a while the
gs and contortions came to an end,
work proceeded steadily and after
al fashion. Amid all the excite-
erridge never lost his head or be-
fanatic, neither was he exalted
reasure, but remained one of the
t and most genuine of men.
is no doubt that his style was
markable, and entirely his own.
of his letters he writes :—" I have
ruting for Mr. Venn at Godman-
a very populous and wicked town
untingdon, and met with a patient
from a numerous audience. I
also will consecrate a few barns,
wh in them to fill up his fold at

irregularity, —
the kingdom with impunity, so
irregularity in its best shape pa
censure? I told my brother he
fear being slandered for shee
while he only whistles the sh
better pasture, and meddles ne
the flesh nor the fleece, and I a
cannot sink much lower in credit,
lost his character right honestly
ing the gospel without mincing
scoffing world makes no other
between us than between Satan
bub; we have both got tufted
cloven feet, only I am thought
“independent devil of the two.”



OWLAND HILL, 1744—1833.

It is not our design to write a life of Owland Hill, but merely to sketch an outline portrait from the "eccentric" point of view. As a preacher Mr. Hill was the child of John Berridge, whose church he attended while he was a student at Cambridge, riding over to Everton every Sabbath to hear him. From a military veteran he no doubt learned that plainness and simplicity of language which always distinguished him. He also associated much with John Stittle, one of Berridge's converts, and a man of very marked individuality, who preached in St. Andrew's Street, Cambridge for many years. His intimacy may be gathered from the anecdote recorded by William Jones:—On one occasion, when Mr. Hill was on his way to Duxford, to preach for the Missionary Society, he suddenly exclaimed, *I must go to Cambridge, and see the work of an old clergyman, who lives*

vice. On entering his friend Mr. Hill's house he said, 'Dear me, I quite forgot to leave the message with the woman, and seemed almost determined to return to Cambridge. He, however, remained during the service, and on being asked whether the message he had forgotten was important he replied, 'Yes, sir, I will tell the old lady, who will soon be in haste to give my love to Johnny Stitt; and I will tell him I shall soon see him again.'

Mr. Hill's first preachings were of an itinerant character. He was gladly received in the village church, and equally delighted in the village meeting-house ; but the village g

high-mindedness which ought to go with nobility he mingled an unaffected simplicity and benevolence of spirit, which made him dear to persons of all ranks. He was thoroughly a man, thinking and acting for himself with all the freedom of a great emancipated mind, which bowed only at the feet of Jesus; but he was essentially a child-man, a Nathanael in whom was no guile—artless, natural, transparent, in all things unaffected, and true. He once said of a man who knew the gospel but seemed afraid to preach it, "He preaches the truth as a donkey munches a thistle—*very cautiously*:" this was exactly the opposite of his own way of doing it.

His fixed places of ministry were Surrey Chapel, and Wotton-under-Edge. He facetiously styled himself "Rector of Surrey Chapel, Vicar of Wotton, and Curate of all the fields and lanes throughout England and Wales." Surrey Chapel was called by many "The Round-house," and it was reported that its form was chosen by Mr. Hill that the devil might not have a corner to hide in. The locality is described by Berridge "as one of the *worst spots in London, the very paradise*

... THE MOR
The spacious street
philanthropic, educational
work of all kinds, and
to find a building
beneficial influences.

At Wotton, Mr.
called "a paradisaical
house near the chapel
all around. He says
place, when I first knew
was filled with brutality
they have been favoured
they have been wonderfully
visited the place with
were taken to the
Row

shop windows, and in the country the cottages and the cornfields were his study. A friend told me an anecdote which I have not met with in print. When at Wotton he heard of a woman who was noted for her sausages, and therefore called in upon her, and bought a supply. "Now, my good woman," said he, "how is it that you make such good sausages?" "Why, sir," said she, "I think it is a gift from the Almighty." Mr. Hill shook his head at this, and began to repent of his bargain, as well he might, for the articles turned out to be stale. He told the story afterwards as an instance of how people try to pass off their bad goods by canting talk, and as a proof of the fact that fanaticism is often in alliance with knavery. "A gift from the Almighty!" said he, "and yet the produce of this precious gift is good for nothing." We give this as an instance of the manner in which he turned every little incident to good account.

Our friend Mr. Charlesworth, of the Stockwell Orphanage, has written a life of Rowland Hill, which in our judgment *surpasses its predecessors in giving a full length portrait of the good man, and as*

article in which Mr. Hill is abused. It did us good to see how those who were of "the Saturday." It did us endure the tongue of malice survived its venom. It is clear many remarks made by conter writers, and especially from the which one of his biographers has take the very soul out of him b down his wit, that he was reg many serious people as a good whose infirmity was to be endur be quietly censured. Now, we all of this mind. Mr. Hill had his humour too mu but this was

much less laughed, at anything. We wonder if he had any children? What kind of father must he have been? But here is the story in the old-fashioned language in which we find it. The Rev. Mr. William Guthrie, minister at Finwick, met with Mr. Durham at a gentleman's house near Glasgow, some time before his last sickness, and observing him somewhat dull, endeavoured to force him to smile and laugh, by his facetious and pleasant conversation. Mr. Durham was somewhat disgusted at this innocent freedom of Mr. Guthrie, and displeased with himself that he was so merry. When Mr. Guthrie, according to the laudable custom of that family, and at their desire, prayed, he showed the greatest seriousness, composure, and devout liveliness. When he rose from prayer, Mr. Durham tenderly embraced his friend, and said to him, "O William, you are a happy man; if I had been so merry as you were before you went to pray, I should not have been serious, or in a frame for prayer, or any other religious exercises for two days." This occurrence led Mr. Durham to judge *more leniently* of his lively brethren, and *our trust is that it may have the like*

heart good to see how his eyes were
at the bare mention of his name
made religion a delight and the work
of God a pleasure; yea, he made the
memory of it to be a joy for ever
in the hearts of the aged as they recall the
of their youth when Rowland Hill—
old Rowland Hill as they like to
him—was in his glory.



MATTHEW WILKS, 1746—1829.

WHAT Rowland Hill was on one side of the Thames Matthew Wilks was upon the other. He came to London in 1775, and John Berridge took part in his ordination over the Tabernacle churches which had been gathered by Whitefield. He was a person of commanding appearance, of great shrewdness, and special singularity, and, like other worthy men, he has been much belied because a vein of humour was manifest in him. This matters little, since the good man led multitudes to Jesus, and was a faithful pastor to the flock which he gathered. He was one of the fathers of the London Missionary Society, the Evangelical Magazine, the Irish Evangelical Society, the Bible Society, and the Religious Tract Society; in fact, from his great practical wisdom, *he was called upon to be a leader in all kinds of Christian work.*

upon the top -
bits of glass bottles. We have
illustration quoted with ridicu
fail to see any objection to it.
one watch a cat in such circ
and then find a better instance
spect walking if he can. We
lieve the tradition that he re
head-dresses of the day by prea
"top (k)not come down," whi
ting from the text, "Let him
the house top not come dow
have met a gentleman who
saw him hold up a small p
when preaching from "Thou
in the balances." We do

London Missionary Society was a very striking one. Certainly the text was remarkable enough. "The children gather wood, and the fathers kindle the fire, and the women knead their dough, to make cakes to the queen of heaven, and to pour out drink offerings unto other gods, that they may provoke me to anger:" Jer. vii. 18. "When the text was announced, in the midst of a crowded assembly, every eye seemed to express astonishment at the preacher's choice. He had not proceeded far, however, in his undertaking, when the feeling of astonishment gave place to pure delight, when all seemed convinced that though the text was uncommon, it was by no means inappropriate. Having glanced at the idolatrous worship of the queen of heaven, the ardour of the worshippers, and the persons employed in it; he then said, 'I will *contrast* your objects, *compare* your ardour, and *muster* your agents.' The appeal was admirably directed, and energetically sustained, and from the hearing and perusal of that part of it which referred to the agents, viz., *the men, women, and children*, arose the system of auxiliary institutions which now pervades the whole

spring -
course. Irrespective, however,
pression as delivered from
it possesses considerable me
argument and as a composition

Beyond a wretched little me
few mere outlines of sermons, I
mains of all the great and g
which were spoken by Mr. Wil
stories told of him relate to him
a man than as a preacher. My
friend Mr. George Rogers has
the following note:—

“Matthew Wilks was very c
appearance, in his voice, and
ance. Like Mr. Hill, he wa

London Missionary Society, and nearly all the directors were opposed to him, he found a determined supporter in Mr. Wilks, who even went so far in pressing the point as to be charged with being overbearing. When the debate was over, Mr. Wilks went into the room where Mr. Williams was waiting for the decision of the committee and said, 'Well, young man, you have been accepted, but if it had not been for my overbearing disposition you never would have got in.' This was Williams the martyr at Erromanga.

"A minister from the West of England having called upon Mr. Wilks, and informed him that he was in great distress of mind on account of debt; Mr. Wilks said, 'You are a great fool; you ought not to get in debt.' 'Oh,' he replied, 'it gradually accumulated, and I could not help it. My wife was ill, and some of my children died, and my income is very small.' 'How much do you owe?' 'About £70.' 'Then you are a great fool. I want you to preach at Greenwich next Sunday.' 'Oh, I am too much dejected.' 'But I say you must go, and I will send *a note to the gentleman with whom you must dine.*' Returning to Mr. Wilks on

had obtained that from another gentleman for him. Observing him to be much affected by this, Mr. Wilks added, 'Still you are a great fool.' He then produced the £10, called him a fool more than before, and thus continued to put £10 before him again and again and to scold him until the whole was produced; and then he said, 'Go home, and don't be such a fool as to get into debt again.' This showed a great knowledge of human nature, and thus kept the good man from being overwhelmed by the great and unexpected relief."

nothing at all : can you tell the difference between me and Moses?" "Hoot, toot, Mr. Wilks," interposed good Dr. Waugh, anxious to release the young victim, "you should na' put such a question as that to the lad; but if you like I'll tell you the difference between Moses and you: *Moses was the meekest of men.*"

More genial was his mode of finding a wife for a brother minister. He sent him to the lady's house with this laconic note:—

"My dear madam,—Allow me to introduce to you my worthy friend, the Rev. Mr. A—.

"If you 're a cat
You 'll smell a rat!

"Yours truly,
"MATT. WILKS."

The lady found it needful to request the gentleman to explain the letter; this led them into pleasant conversation, and into mutual admiration, which ended in marriage. The mystery of the cat and the rat was thus solved.

We may not imitate his drollery, but it would be a happy circumstance if all ministers as diligently read the Bible as

ceive £200 a year
gave £100 away. He loved the poor
his poor people loved him. His
over his members was very great,
was founded in love. The common
heard him gladly, and among them
enjoyed a long and fruitful ministry
works which he commenced have
perpetuated, especially the societies
he helped to inaugurate. The Lord
thus enabled his work to endure the
ordeal of time, which is a severe
causing many pretentious ministers
pass away as smoke. Call him as
if you please, but our prayer shall be
the Lord that we may share in the



WILLIAM DAWSON, 1773—184

MR. WILLIAM DAWSON, the Yorkshire farmer and Methodist preacher, should be mentioned among the eccentrics, but not on account of any great use of wit in his preaching. Gross falsehoods were forged concerning him, and he was made to appear as a mere comic actor by the ribald world, but there was nothing about his preaching to deserve it. He was a great repartee, and there was a slight mixture of drollery in his sermons, but he was mainly distinguished for his wonderful dramatic power, by which he made everything stand out before the people's eyes and thus created the deepest impression. In a note from Dr. Osborn to us, the gentleman says: "Wit was not Dawson's specialty, it was the intense activity and fervour of his imagination, with a basis of sound doctrine and sound character, which was the source of his power, and a main

“I first heard Mr. Dawson from
pulpit in the year 1828. His appear-
demeanour struck me as unclerical.
he wore a black coat and vest, and a
neck-cloth, but his lower extremities
encased in a pair of drab breeches,
wore what are technically called
boots,’ such as are, and were at that
universally worn in England by some
tial farmers as a part of their Sunday
market-day attire. He crossed the
of the chapel on his way to the
with a rolling gait, as though he
traversing a ploughed field, with
in each pocket of his drabs, half wh

blessed was upon him, and the multitude delighted to hear him. His power in setting an illustration before his hearers will be seen from the following : " Preaching on the returning prodigal, Mr. Dawson paused, looked at the door, and shouted out, after he had depicted him in his wretchedness, ' Yonder he comes, slipshod ! Make way—make way—make way, there.' Such was the approach to reality, that a considerable part of the congregation turned to the door, some rising on their feet, under the momentary impression that some one was entering the chapel in the state described. In the same sermon, paraphrasing the father's replying to the son that was angry, and would not go in, he said : ' Be not offended ; surely a *calf* may do for a *prodigal*, *shoes* for a *prodigal*, a *ring* and a *robe* for a *prodigal*, but ALL I have is THINE.' As to the more striking effect, when pointing to the door, similar results were produced when referring to the Witch of Endor. His picturing took such hold on the imagination, that on exclaiming, ' Stand by—stand by ! There she is ! ' some of the poor people inadvertently directed their eyes downward, where *his own eye* was fixed, and the spot v

when he had opened the
heard the voice of the fo
Come and see," etc. "C
then, the awful conditio
saved sinner. Open you
and see it yourself. *Then*
broad road of ruin ; every
deeper in sin ; every bre
feeds his corruption ; every
him farther from heaven a
Onward, onward he is goin
hell are after him quickly, a
pursue him — with swift
hoof the pale horse and
are tracking the godless

attention, and fixing his keen eye upon those who sat immediately before him, he continued in an almost supernatural whisper, "Hark! hark! that swift rider is coming, and judgment is following him. That is his untiring footstep! Hark!"—and then imitating for a moment or two the beat of the pendulum, he exclaimed in the highest pitch of his voice, "Lord, save the sinner! save him! Death is upon him, and hell follows! See, the long arm is raised! The final dart is poised! O my God, save him—save him—for if the rider overtakes that poor sinner, unpardoned and unsaved, and strikes his blow, down he falls, and backward he drops—hell behind him, and as he falls backward, he looks upward, and shrieks—'Lost! lost! lost! Time lost; Sabbaths lost; means lost; soul lost; heaven lost! ALL lost, and lost for ever!' Backward he drops; all his sins seem to hang round his neck like so many millstones as he plunges into the burning abyss. 'Come and see.' Lord, save him! O my God, save him! 'Come and see.' Blessed be God! The rider has not overtaken him *yet*; there is time and space yet for that *poor sinner*: he may be saved yet—

Father inviting you; God the
commanding you; God the Fat
ing he has no pleasure in your
in your life. There is Jesus C
to seek you. He has travel
years to save you. He is dyin
cross. With his outstretched
says, 'Come unto me, and I wil
rest.' 'He that believeth in
never die!'" The effect was
whelming that two of the cor
fainted, and it required all the
tact and self-command to ride
the storm, which his own vivid
tion had aroused.

viii. 4,—“Faint, yet pursuing,”
ye seemed at one time suffused
ars; and when people and preacher
raned up to the highest pitch of
; a momentary pause ensued, during
the clock struck *twelve*, and broke
illness that reigned, like the hammer
e bell at a watch night, on the de-
re of the old year. In an instant
arted his eyes to the front of the
ry, and personifying the timepiece,
—“You may speak, clock, but I am
done yet.” Though no apparent
ectation existed on the part of the
itory that he would close his discourse
h the hour, yet it had all the effect of
iving disappointed hope, and threw a
am of sunshine into every countenance.
William Dawson was a man by himself.
ien nature formed him she broke the
ld, but we could have wished that she
l given us at least another after his
ner and order. Of his power in witty
wers we will only give one specimen,
. then close our notice. The following
logue was held between Dawson and a
lt-finding gentleman.
Gentleman. “I had the pleasure
ing you yesterday.”

destroy all the good previous.

Mr. D. "You should have the people in them."

Gent. "I went into the gall hung over the front, and saw but I could get no good; I all the benefit I had received sermon."

Mr. D. "It is easy to that."

Gent. "How so?"

Mr. D. "You mounted the house; and on looking down your neighbour's chimney to see what he kept, you got your eye



ACOB GRUBER, 1778—1850.

IN the population of the United States sparse and widely-scattered, the public ices of religion could not have been tained at all if the Lord had not d up a race of zealous itinerants, who ed rapidly from one hamlet or home- l to another, and by their intense estness kept alive the sacred fire. We le to a period ranging from one hun- . years back to within half-a-century e present date. The men of that ere necessarily strong physically, or could not have borne the hardships heir wandering mission, and they : also sturdy mentally, and needed e so, for they met with people who red vigorous handling. Of course they : rough and unrefined—what could ave effected had they been other- ? Of what use would a razor be in ng a forest? Very frequently they

their uncomfortable and
stances. At any rate, the
which God gave them to
America a Christian instea
country, which last it mig
become had it not been f
We do not commend all that
less hold them up for imi
think it profitable to see
their work, and therefore
scribe Jacob Gruber, of wh
poraries said, "He is a
copies no man." We sha
than give extracts from a bi
by W. P. Strickland, whic
published in this country.
a long chapter of this, b
Gruber, of a so

re of German descent, and had
ght up in the faith of the great
the Reformation. The German
l Church for many years had the
control of the religious interests
neighbourhood. The time, how-
me when this quiet was broken.
nerant Methodist preachers had
up the country into circuits,
aiming to be successors of the
s, thought it no robbery to
them in traversing the country,
reaching the gospel wherever they
an open door. The strangeness of
manner, and the wonderful earnest-
of their preaching, attracted the at-
n of the people, particularly the
ger portion, and the cabins and barns
they held forth were crowded.
Young Gruber listened to these circuit
ers with amazement; and though
were denounced by the staid and
Reformers as wild and fanatical, he
theless felt strangely drawn to their
ngs. There was such a fervour in
prayers, such a zeal and earnestness
eir preaching, and such a power in
ongs, that he was entirely fascinat
on became convinced of the nee

MEMORIALS

“That the reader may have a description of the religious condition of this particular neighbourhood, we give an account prepared by Gruber himself, which says: ‘The Methodist preachers came to the neighbourhood, and held several meetings. As the result of their labours a revival commenced, and quite a number of persons were converted, and procured a knowledge of sins forgiven.’ Since that time the members of the German mission church went to the old gentlemen, pressing a desire to know something of this new doctrine. In reply to their enquiries about the knowledge of it

revival meetings where some were singing God for having pardoned their sins, stood thoughtfully shaking her head and said, 'It could not be, for if they had answered a hundred and sixty questions, she had before she got religion, they would learn that it could not be obtained in such quick time.'

Among the early itinerants who visited Pennsylvania about this time was the eccentric Valentine Cook. He was fresh from the halls of Cokesbury College, and perhaps the first native college-bred preacher that appeared in the American Methodist Church. When Cook made his appearance, it was rumoured that he was a graduate of the college, he attracted general attention.

German Reformed, like several other churches we could name, entertained the notion that no man could possibly be qualified to preach who had not received a liberal classical education; and hence vastly more respect was paid to Cook than to any of his colleagues in the ministry. His learning, however, did not always avail to increase in him respect, as the following incident will show:—After travelling a whole day without refreshment in a region where he was not known, he halted in the evening

the good woman, ...
spinning, took him to be an
She was not at all favourably
with his appearance, but a
band's request she procure
for him and returned to her w
to her husband somewhat
in German, she hoped the Iris
choke in eating. After Cook
his repast he asked the
pray, which being granted he
and offered up a fervent
German. In his prayer
the Lord to bless the kin
the wheel and give her
might be better dis

sprightly lad, he was soon called out to exercise his gifts in public prayer and exhortation. As usual in such cases, a storm of persecution arose, not only from those who were outside the church and the family, but from his own household. Father, mother, brothers, and sisters, as if by one consent, rose up against the young exhorter, and he was obliged to leave home and seek more congenial quarters elsewhere. Some of the more zealous Methodists interpreted this differently from what young Jacob had imagined, and persuaded him that it was a clear indication of Providence that it was his duty to abandon everything for the exclusive work of the ministry. This interpretation of Providence was soon after verified. As he went on his way afoot and alone to the town of Lancaster he met one of the itinerants, who in a short conversation convinced him of the duty of entering upon the ministry, and sent him to an adjoining circuit to fill a vacancy. He accordingly procured a horse and went to the appointment.

“As the conference embraced sickly regions in its territory, he knew not but he might be sent by the intrepid Bishop Murray to some one of these localities, if

so with Gruber.

stitution, an iron frame capable of
an amount of hardship, labour, and
which made him the wonder of
ministerial companions.

“The second year of our young
man’s ministry was spent where
of wilderness interposed between
pointments, and new hardships
to be endured. Nothing daunted,
he penetrated the
sought the cabins nestling among
that he might preach the gospel
to the inmates. Here he laboured with
unremitting zeal and diligence.

— appeals many we

any promise was for him, as he believed his day of mercy and hope was gone for ever. The following colloquy then ensued between Gruber and the despairing man :

“‘What will become of you?’ ‘I shall be lost.’ ‘Where will you go?’ ‘To hell.’ ‘But if you go there you will have it all to yourself.’ ‘What do you mean?’ ‘I mean just what I say: if you go to hell weeping and praying, you will scare all the devils away, for I never heard or read of one going to hell weeping and praying.’ At this a smile came over his face like sunshine on a cloud; his despair was gone, and hope full and joyous sprang up in his soul.

“At the next conference Gruber was sent to the Winchester circuit, having for a colleague a young man by the name of Richards. This young itinerant in a great measure destroyed his usefulness by getting the crotchet into his head that, to maintain ministerial dignity, he must put on extra airs of reserve and sanctity. A ‘sad countenance,’ as our old English version has it, in the description of the Pharisees in the days of the Saviour, is not a true *index of spirituality*. One of the old *preachers* who had outlived his day, and

was present when this remark smilingly said: 'Do you make allowance for solids and fluids?' I recollect a reply once made by a lively, joyous, talented young preacher, a lady, who reprovingly said to him: 'You would be as serious as I.' 'Ah!' said the young brother, 'when I get the dyspepsia as you have, I will, no doubt, be equal to you.' 'He had now been six years in the work of the ministry, and had given such good proof of his fidelity and diligence that the good Bishop Asbury was fully qualified for the more responsible

ings.' Towards the close of the camp-meetings were held on every nit, and hundreds were converted. ed, a camp-meeting in those days out numerous conversions and large ssions to the church would have been reat wonder.

"At that time even a quarterly meeting as considered dull and profitless unless uls were converted and added to the urch, and a revival inaugurated for ne coming quarter. In describing these amp-meetings, Gruber said: 'Some com- plained about too much wildfire, and called the preachers the fire company; but we wanted fire that would warm and melt, not tame-fire, fox-fire, and the like.'" During the three years on this district he experienced many hardships. In de- scribing his labours he says: 'One very cold night in the winter I took a path for a near way to my stopping-place, but got out of my course, wandered about among the hills and mountains, and went to the top of one of them to see clearings, or hear dogs bark, or roosters crow, but all in vain. After midnight the moon arose; I could *then see my track*. The snow was knee- leep, and I went back till I got into th

and sleeping a little a
breakfast departed on my day's journey
filling two appointments.'

"At the end of his first year on the
tract he had a line of appointments reach-
ing to Baltimore. On his route he passed
through a wild, mountainous region
traversed by a dim path. Not a single
cabin was to be found in a distance
of twenty miles. He struck for the
mountain about ten o'clock,
had not proceeded many miles before
found it covered up knee-deep in snow
and not a single track to be seen.
He picked his way, however, as best he could
During the day it

the woods until night overtook him, when he lost his path and became entangled in the forest. The rain, which had been pouring down, now changed into snow, and the wind blew furiously. Besides all this, it was becoming increasingly cold. What to do he knew not, except to pray. The night was spent sitting on his horse. Above the roar of the storm he could hear the scream of the panther and the howl of the wolf. It was a dreadful night; but morning came, and with it he found the path, and in a short time found himself at the house of a friend. The family were alarmed at seeing him, and expressed their surprise at his undertaking so perilous a journey, as no person had been known to pass through that portion of the wilderness before in winter. Neither himself nor horse had tasted a morsel of food since they started, but they were both inured to hardships, and suffered but little in consequence. After obtaining some refreshment, he started to his appointment, thankful for his escape from the dangers through which he had passed.

“Gruber gives several incidents that occurred at camp-meetings. ‘In one camp,’ he says, ‘some bold sinners came to

among the mourners was a great man
and found no relief until he drew a
pistol out of his pocket, with which
intended to defend himself if any
should offer to speak to him on the subject
of religion. When he laid it on the table
beside him the Lord blessed him, and
him a great victory over his foes.' ”

Gruber was dreadfully severe upon
worldliness, and especially upon
fashion in dress, which he denounced
and ridiculed. A little of his healthy
might be useful in these dressy days.

“ While preaching in a certain place
one occasion an unusually tall lady entered
the church, and when he stopped preaching

“At a camp-meeting on a certain occasion, where considerable difficulty was experienced in getting the people to observe order, from the number of young persons who were walking about, collecting in groups, and engaged in conversation, the presiding elder, in the most respectful and courteous terms, requested them to be seated. Not seeming to understand, or not caring to comply with the request, the young people paid no attention whatever to what was said, but kept up their walking and talking. Gruber, who was present, felt greatly aggrieved, and rising in the stand he roared out, ‘Mr. Presiding Elder, you called those young folks gentlemen and ladies, and they did not know what you meant!’ He then added, ‘Boys, come right along and take seats here,’ pointing to the right; ‘and you, gals, come up and take your seats here on the left.’ Earnest and peremptory as he was, yet so comical was his manner that their attention was at once arrested, and they came smilingly forward and took their seats.”

To us this mode of address would have seemed rude and irritating, and very *unlikely to secure the desired end*, but Jacob

blunt, commanding mode or speech to be earnestly intended, and it. Very much depends upon the character of the persons to whom we speak and something also upon our own position: it would never do for a minister fresh from college to address those of his own age as girls and young men; neither would such a style of address be acceptable to our educated people even if the oldest divines could be persuaded to costed them. The practical lesson is to have the thing done somehow, right, and to use just such a manner of speaking as will be best calculated

me for closing the exercises in the singing circles, one of them, unwilling to stop, kept on singing and praying. Gruber, somewhat impatient, shouted out at the top of his voice, 'That's right, sinners, blow all the fire out.'" Often the same thought occurred to our mind when we have seen unwise brethren ranting long after the "spirit of supplication" has been fully exhausted. Long prayers and long addresses blow out the fire which they are intended to increase.

Gruber's later years were more calm and quiet but they were not quite devoid of exciting incidents. The sinners of his day were as eccentric as the preachers who sought to win them. If they were assailed from the pulpit with rough weapons, they were how to be vigorously offensive in return. Gruter says—

Gruber was sent a second year to Dauphin County. Nothing extraordinary took place, but some fellows of the baser sort made an attempt to blow up our meeting-house at Harrisburg. On a Sunday night after closing they got in at a window, put a stick under the pulpit with powder and a match. It made a report like a gun, tore up the pulpit, and broke

out that he was lazy, so he had no success in winning souls, and none a wife. Some young men that can only get married (the better) they will be at once in and some young women have a chance if they can only get a preacher have an angel for certain ; but one has been disappointed very

“ While in attendance at college Philadelphia, in 1830, he was a preacher in his old charge, St. He took for his text Psalm ‘ Blessed are they that dwell in they will be still praising thee.

They were a humble people, willing to take a humble place in the church; any place so that they might be allowed to abide in the church; but there were some people who were so proud and ambitious that, unless they could be the first king of Israel, from the ranks they set up higher than everybody else, they wouldn't come into the house at all, and banged about the doors.

2. *They were a contented people.* If anything did not exactly suit them, they took the best of it, and tried to get along with it all as they could; but there are many people who are so uneasy and fidgety that they can't dwell in the church, but are continually running in and out, disturbing themselves and everybody else.

3. *They were a satisfied people,* always receiving something good, and thankful for it. Let who would be their preacher they would always get something that would give them instruction and encouragement. But some people are never satisfied, they are always finding fault with their preacher; some preach too loud, and some too long, and some say so many hard and bitter things, and some are so prosy and dull that they can't be fed at all and are

fed me, I never said, "Andrew shall feed me shan't"; and another, "I want bread and no fish"; and others, "I want bread and no fish," how could they be fed? Such dissatisfied people in the house of the Lord. It turned out they will soon die. can't live."

"Though he was sometimes his criticisms on young men, he always entertained for them affection, and sought only to correct errors: but we cannot think of publicly rebuking a friend. He had attacked Method

most important defect in his elocution, Gruber sent him the following laconic reply :—

“Dear Ah ! Brother Ah !—When-ah you-ah go-ah to-ah preach-ah, take-ah care-ah you-ah don't-ah say-ah Ah-ah ! Yours-ah,

“JACOB-AH GRUBER-AH.’

“But one of the oddest reproofs I ever knew him to administer was on a larger scale, and proved not less effectual. In a certain church the congregation had an unseemly practice of turning their backs on the pulpit during a certain portion of the singing. One Sabbath Mr. Gruber conducted the service, and, as usual, the whole congregation simultaneously turned round, presenting their backs to the preacher. Instantly the preacher, to be even with them, turned round also, presenting his back to the congregation. When the time for prayer came, at the close of the hymn, the congregation were astonished to find the preacher turned from them and gazing at the wall. The hint was enough ; they did not repeat the objectionable practice.”

Mr. Martin thus describes the closing scene of Gruber's life :—

end was rapidly approach-
for the happy release
brother Blake, if it could
when he was about to depart
brethren and sisters :
they might (to use his
me safe off ; and as I am
full chorus and sing :—

“On Jordan’s stormy l

A few hours before he
Brother Blake whether
another night, and was
his judgment he could not
he, ‘to-morrow I shall

JACOB GRUBER.

fast sinking, in accordance with request, the hymn he had selected, but ere it was concluded his consciousness was gone. The singing ceased, like stillness reigned, only broken by occasional respiration. An over-sense of the presence of God melted his heart. A minute more and his spirit winged its way to its long rest. He died in the seventy-second of his age."

If any judge too severely the peculiarities of such a man, and urge them to do better; but to us more than probable that were more in earnest we should see what are called eccentricities, are often only the ensigns of real zeal and tokens that a man is both natural and intense. If a fisherman can catch with silk lines and artificial bait he is thankful; but if with a super-natural spirit he is unsuccessful, it shows a want of the style and manner of brethren who succeed better than himself in the fishery. "Every man in his own way is a good rule. Apollos may be learned and Cephas blunt, but so f

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be

III becomes . . .
other's coats. We would
man, "Be eccentric"; but if he
help being so, we would not ha
otherwise. The leaning tower
owes much of its celebrity to its
and although it certainly is not
model for architects, we would
means advise the taking of it down
to one any builder who tried t
another would create a huge ru
therefore it would not be a safe pre
but there it is, and who wishes
other than it is? Serve the Lor
ther, with your very best, and see
better, and whatever your pecul
will be glorified i




EDWARD TAYLOR, 1793—1871

WE would now introduce "Father Taylor," the Sailor Preacher of Boston. No Father Taylor of California, who is a younger man, but Edward Taylor, of the Bethel,—the man whom Charles Dickens thus described in his "American Notes":—

"The only preacher I heard in Boston was Mr. Taylor, who addresses himself peculiarly to seamen, and who was once a mariner himself. I found his chapel down among the shipping, in one of the narrow old, waterside streets, with a gay blue flag waving freely from its roof. The preacher looked a weather-beaten, hard-featured man, of about six or eight and fifty; with deep lines graven as it were into his face, dark hair, and a stern, keen eye. Yet the general character of his countenance was pleasant and agreeable. His text was, 'Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her beloved?'

“ ‘Who are these, who are they, who are these fellows? where do they come from? Where are they going to? Come from! What’s the answer?’ leaning out of the pulpit, and pointing downward with his right hand: ‘From below!’ starting back again, and looking at the sailors before him: ‘From below, my brethren, from under the hatches of sin, battened down above you by the evil one. That’s where you come from!’ a walk up and down the pulpit: ‘and where are you going?’ stopping abruptly; ‘where are you going? Aloft!’ very softly, and pointing upward: ‘Aloft!’ louder: ‘Aloft!’ louder still: ‘That’s where you are going, with a fair wind, all taut and trim, steering direct for heaven in its glory, where there are no storms or foul weather, and where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.’ Another walk: ‘That’s where you’re going to, my friends. That’s it. That’s the place. That’s the port. That’s the haven. It’s a blessed harbour—still water there, in all changes of the winds and tides; no driving ashore upon the rocks, or slipping your cables and running out to sea, there: Peace, peace, peace, all peace!’ Another walk

or his left arm :
e coming from
? Yes. From
ness of iniquity,
But do they
they lean upon
1?' Three raps
s. Yes. They
: beloved,' three
of their beloved,'
: 'Pilot, guiding
one, to all hands
e : 'Here it is.
's duty manfully,
ls in the utmost
is'—two more :
ese poor fellows
mess leaning on




EDWARD TAYLOR

preacher to be of any material with reference to the man'sness : but as a judge of vivacity, and power of style, no could be found.

Mr. Taylor's first regular official holding-forth was before the Methodist Conference, assembled in 1810. It has been said upon this occasion he had to select as his text the words, "Pharaoh, surely ye are spoiled." A biographer says that although the text might have been worked into the real text was a more equally singular one, "I pray for him to live." He adds, that the truth is, his fervour and talents were not offset for his defects ; and in prayer, they "let him live." How they could have done so, no Conference would have been enough to kill him.

After itinerating for some time, his man and his mission met, Taylor took up his abode in a minister of the Methodist Church, specially set apart among sailors. His chapel



... began ...
... quently preaching ...
... him it never occurred to polish ...
... and prune away its power : he spoke
... heart prompted him, and worked
... Holy Spirit moved him. He did
... enough for two men, and had a
... blessing upon it. In a very shor
... Boston felt his power, and its weal
... its culture were at his feet as wel
... poverty and roughness. A noble
... was built for him, a house of large
... sions, a fit sphere for his operati
... by his soul-stirring ministry he m
... Bethel " famous in all lands.

It was not at all wonderful th
... other classes of the



EDWARD TAYLOR.

No ideas of propriety, or not delicacy, hung about him like if he spoke to sailors, not to squeamis positives, and to "the sons of Zebul poured out his great heart in a eloquence, which was all on flame who heard him in 1835 said of "His eloquence was marvellous: h trol over the audience seemed almost. Tears and smiles chased each over our faces, like the rain and sun of an April day. He had one of the brilliant imaginations that ever shined and burned. His sermon was all though it came in bursts and jets of It was like the dance of the changing all the while from silver to purple, and back again. But the of his magnetic power lay in his flowing sympathies, that leaped over barriers, and had no regard for time or place. There was no wall of form between him and his hearers, as though if he were talking to each one in a private room. He would sing to one person in his audience, and talk to another individually, with the same freedom. *met him in the street. ' Ah! my friend turning to a sailor who happened*

OF HEAVEN OVER THE WORLD.

The ludicrous was allowed to play in his discourses, and rightly so. To the pure mind, powers of our manhood are corrupted. Humour can be cultivated should be. We grant that it is a cult to manage; but when in proper control, it more than repays the labour spent upon it. Child damage with gunpowder; but what it is when a wise man directs. Mr. Taylor made men laugh might weep. He touched the chord, that he might be able to harness some great

the Lord delighted to honour. ng candles rail at the sun for his while they cannot be sure that those re not excessive light; and may be ure of another thing, that, spots or ts, ten thousand such glimmers as are not worthy to be compared with ay beams of the great orb of day. he prayer-meetings Father Taylor, father in his family, cast off all nt, and unveiled his inner nature hildlike unguardedness. One of his emarkable displays of this kind was n address by a visitor, who related ath of a very wicked man, who was up a few days before in a powder t Wilmington. He came down l and mangled, and gave his heart l; and now who would not say he holy man of old, "Let me die ath of the righteous, and let my id be like his"? Father Taylor . once. "I don't want any trash t unto this altar. I hope none of ople calculate on serving the devil ir lives and cheating him with their breath. Don't look forward to ing God by giving him the last snuff piring candle. Perhaps you now

New. And now I shall
hear anything more from
his ass."

His own prayers w
utterances of an Ori
imagery, than a son of
climes. Think of his p
tion of a new church
tempts to sow heresy
preach aught but Chr
Lord drive him out of
his tracks off the f
before he was to sail f
treating the Lord t
church during his a
and eiac

of abandoned women. Protected by his eccentricity and his purity alike from any shadow of suspicion, he always obeyed such a summons. At all hours of the day or night he visited the foulest haunts of crime in this noble service; never with one harsh word for the fallen, never with any apology for their crime. He received many warnings against venturing on such errands. The only notice that he ever took of them was to lay aside his cane, which was elsewhere his constant companion, but which he never took with him when he visited the cellars and garrets of North Street. This was simple courage in the Christian soldier; but it was also the wisest prudence."

It grieves one's heart to relate that after many years of glorious service Father Taylor faded away by degrees during ten long years, losing slowly all his powers. It was as the Lord would have it; but to drift about as a poor hulk, with the armament removed, and the light in the binnacle extinguished, was very grievous both to the old man and to his friends.

So passed away one whom Emerson called one of the two greatest poets of the United states. He was a Pedobaptist.

man and wife, and
cast a funeral wreath, and say,
God there were others to fill his]





EDWARD BROOKE, 1779—1871.

OUR Wesleyan brethren have lately lost from their ministry an eminently useful preacher, who was the last survivor of a little band of simple-hearted and down-right earnest men, who in their day were mighty winners of souls, but had the reputation of being somewhat eccentric. William Dawson and Samuel Hick were worthily perpetuated in Squire Brooke, who entered into rest in January, 1871. We must not be supposed to endorse all his theology, or to hold up to admiration all his modes of procedure; but we have no patience with those who imagine that you cannot admire a man's character unless you agree with him in every doctrinal sentiment. Mr. Brooke was soundly abused in his day, and certain scurrilous papers imputed the most outrageous conduct to him; but, in truth, he was only a homely and somewhat quaint preacher of *the old, old gospel*, and his Master clothed *him with great power.*

Squire Brooke came of a substantial Yorkshire family, which possessed a considerable estate among the wild mountains of the North. His parents belonged to the Established Church while he was in his boyhood, but were brought over to the Lord in after years by the persuasion of their zealous son. Edward was sent to Eton or Harrow, as he should have been; but following the bent of his inclination he was allowed to remain at home on the farm, to fish, and hunt, and so to develop a fine constitution and a vigorous original mind. Amid the rocks and the weather, the forest trees and the

Equipped for his favourite sport, with gun in hand and followed by his dogs, he was crossing the Honley Moors, when a lone man met him with a message from God. The man was a Primitive Methodist preacher, named Thomas Holladay, one of those strong-minded, earnest evangelists, the validity of whose orders is disdainfully denied by many, but who, judged by the results of their ministry, hold a commission higher than bishops can bestow—a commission signed and sealed by him who is 'head over all things to his church.'

"Intent upon his Master's work, 'in season and out of season,' Holladay was prompt to seize an opportunity of usefulness. Passing the young sportsman, he respectfully saluted him, and said, with pitying earnestness, 'Master, you are seeking happiness where you will never find it.' On went the man of God, perhaps little dreaming that the arrow thus shot at a venture had pierced the joints of the armour encasing the young sportsman's heart. Yet so it was.

"Home went the wounded sportsman, the words of Holladay still sounding in his ears, 'Master, you are seeking happiness where you will never find it.' Th

The awakened young gentle
to attend cottage prayer-meeting
converse with the godly men of
neighbourhood, and thus his anxiety
deepened, and his desire for salva-
tion flamed.

“It was the day of his sister
Ill-prepared to join in the feast
the occasion, because of the sore
heart, Edward Brooke spent the
night hours in reading his
wrestling with God for salvation

All night the lonely suppliant
All night his earnest crying man

abled to receive Jesus as his Saviour, and believing with the heart unto righteousness, these words were applied to his heart, as distinctly and impressively as though spoken by a voice from heaven: 'Thy sins which are many are all forgiven thee, go in peace and sin no more.' All fear and sorrow vanished, and, believing, he rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

"Exulting in his wonderful deliverance, his first impulse was to make it known. He hastened to his sister's chamber and told her the glad news that Christ had saved him—a glorious announcement on her bridal morn: then, early though it was, he ran out into the village and roused a praying man called Ben Naylor, whose heart he knew would be in sympathy with his, and told him how he had found the Lord; and they two called up a third, named Joseph Donkersley, to share their joy; and from the rejoicing trio up went a song of praise, the jubilant and sweet notes of which were music in God's ear, and woke up the songs of angels, and gave new impulse to the happiness of heaven, 'for *there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth*

his former course of life, and his sports to have too great a charm for he gave them up in the most remarkable manner. "Sir," said he to a Christian friend, "I found that the gate was shut, and so I pressed into it myself, and my horses, and dogs, and the world side." In his zeal to be quit of what he felt to be a temptation, he gave orders to have his dog kennels pulled down; hearing which, his father interposed and countermanded the instructions, saying, "I hope Edward will want the kennels again"; but it was in vain, the camel had gone through the eye of the needle.

Brooke's early career illustrates the great usefulness of small meetings in rooms and cottages, where the uneducated, poor, and raw beginners may feel at home in their first attempts at speaking. It has not been for such gatherings that he would have remained silent, for he could not have dared to make his first essays before a large congregation. Our author remarks that "The cottage meeting is certainly one of the best training schools for the development of Christian gifts. In some of our towns, where chapels are few and large, the pulpits invariably supplied by ordained ministers, and where Sunday school services have been discontinued, and no rooms or cottages are available for mission work, what opportunity have those whom the Spirit calls to preach his word, to test their call by actual experiment, and to develop their preaching power by frequent practice? In such meetings, Edward Brooke ventured to deliver the message of the Gospel, which was as a burning fire kindled up in his bones, till he was weary and forbearing and could not stay; and

EDWARD BROOKE.

d encouragement and strength
ervice.

prayerful consideration and
with Christian friends, it was
that Edward Brooke should
convictions of duty to the
of others, by preaching in
kersley's chamber, a large
answered the threefold pur-
workshop, a bedroom, and a
the neighbours might gather
God. The service was duly
and great interest awakened
squire's first appearance as a
the chamber was thronged,

ent uplifted in earnest prayer



gifts offered on every hand, which were accepted as a call from God. Those who had known the squire in his wild days, and those who had heard of his remarkable conversion, all flocked to hear him. The announcement that Squire Brooke would preach, not only drew young squires, but emptied the public houses far and near, and was the signal for many an old poacher, dog-fighter, pigeon-flyer, drunkard, and habitual Sabbath-breaker, to find his way to the house of God. The squire attracted congregations such as no other man could get, comprising the fast men, the publicans and harlots, the roughs and outcasts of society, the sight of whom, in the house of God, must have made the heart of the preacher leap for joy, and carried him out of himself.

“Influenced by the strange character of the congregations which thronged to hear him, and by the fact that many heard him, to whose untaught, sensual minds, theological terms and doctrinal definitions conveyed no meaning, and ordinary preaching was unintelligible, he, of set purpose, renounced the style of his *first sermon* in favour of another, which

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conducted by the sorrowing woman, and reaching the house, he walked straight in the bar, where a number of old toppers were soaking according to their custom; and there, in their midst, was the fallen man. 'What art thou doing here?' said the squire, fixing his eyes upon the poor backslider, 'this is no place for thee.' Disconcerted by Mr. Brooke's unexpected appearance, and conscience-stricken, the man gave no reply, and seemed as though he would fain have dropped through the floor to escape the terrible gaze of the squire's reproving eyes. 'Come out with me and come home with me,' said the squire, and as the culprit still kept his seat, he seized him by his coat collar and pulled him out into the street."

"The toppers, exasperated by such a fringement of the 'liberty of the subject,' sprang to their feet and rushed to his rescue. The squire turned himself about and looked his opponents in the face, and raising his big, powerful arm, said, 'There is not a man in the lot dare lay his finger on me.' He then walked off his captive, gave him good counsel, and thus is reason to believe that he never fell into the snare again."

said, I am up, Smith. Mr. Brooke
stood up in the conveyance
to a man in a distant part of
the way-side, who was gathering
'Here, I want thee,' beckoning
hand at the same time for him
to come to him. When he came
to the conveyance, Mr. Brooke said,
'Thou sinner, art thou going to sell
thy soul to the devil on a Sunday
for a few paltry nettles!' and looking
into his face, he prayed with
solemnity, 'The Lord have mercy
on thy soul. Amen.' Then, quickly
he said, 'Drive on, Smith.' V

sat down to rest. The squire made some friendly observations, and when his repast was spread, invited the young man to join him. The offer was gratefully accepted. Whilst enjoying their savoury dish the youth's heart opened, and there was a pleasant flow of conversation. 'We are expecting a very strange preacher,' said he, 'at our village to-night. He is a great man for prayer-meetings, and tries to convert all the folks into Methodists.' 'Indeed,' replied the squire, with evident interest in the topic, 'have you ever heard him?' 'No, I haven't,' said the youth, 'but my brother has.' 'Well, what did your brother say about him?' enquired the squire. 'Oh, he told me he never heard such a queer chap in his life; indeed, he didn't know if he were quite right in his head; but,' said the young man, 'I intend to go and hear for myself.' 'That is right, my lad,' said the squire, 'and get your brother to go too, he may have a word to suit you both.' They did go, and greatly to the young man's surprise, as the preacher mounted the pulpit, he recognised his friendly entertainer at the wayside inn. *As the squire proceeded with the service the young man's heart was touched, and*

seekers
verted not merely
into Christian believers."

Here is a specimen of
letters: brief, but all on f

"Dear John,—In reply
leave to say that our labor
not in vain. A new class
and about a dozen have
found peace. Praise the
rise. All hell is on the
go round about the bul
and mark well her pa
ultimately and finally t
say all. Go on, John,
to God. Be a gi

we take farewell of Squire Brooke with it, as we copy the last entry from his diary:—" 'In returning and rest shall ye be revived: in quietness and in confidence shall be your strength.'—'Thou shalt see greater things than these.'—'Thou pre-est him with the blessings of goodness.'—'I will do better unto you than at thy beginnings.'—'My soul is even as a child.' And then, possibly to express his fuller apprehension of the infinite mercy of his covenant God, and a greater trust than he had heretofore exercised, he writes with a trembling hand which was soon to forget its cunning, 'Never again.'"

We do not wonder that his memoir is numbered fourth thousand* ; it is exceedingly well written, and we congratulate Lord upon his spirit and ability.



Squire Brooke," by the Rev. J. H. Lord.
London, Adams and Co.

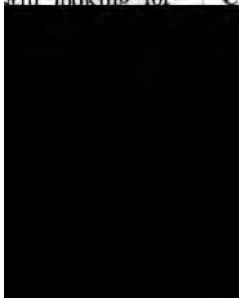


AY,

SOUL-WINNER.

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ire considerable
have yet, un-
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combined with ignorance, and idiosyncrasies prominent in men who cannot even spell the word. What in a gentleman would be a peculiarity, is reckoned in a poor man to be an absurdity. Such slaves are most men to kid gloves and good balances at the banker's, that they toady to aristocratic whims, and even affect to admire in my Lord Havethecash that which would disgust them in poor Tom Honesty. This partiality of judgment, in a measure, affects even Christians, who, beyond all other men, are bound to judge things by their own intrinsic value, and not according to the false glitter of position and wealth. We claim for uneducated Christian men as wide a range for their originality as would be allowed them if they were the well-instructed sons of the rich; we would not have a shrewd saying decried because it is ungrammatical; nor a fervent, spiritual utterance ridiculed because it is roughly expressed. Consider the man as he is; make allowances for educational disadvantages, for circumstances, and for companionships, and do not turn away with contempt from that which, in the sight of God, may be infinitely more precious than

Bray, of Cornwall, for several years a local preacher among the Bible Christians. We beg his pardon for calling him a name which he never used, and introduce him a second time, with due accuracy, as *Billy Bray*. This worthy once a drunken and lascivious man, but grace made him an intensely earnest and decided follower of the Lord. His conversion was very marked, and was attended with those violent struggles of conscience which frequently attend that great change in strong-mind and passionate natures.

His actual obtaining of peace by

they appear as one. Bray was assailed by the fierce temptation that he would never find mercy ; but with the promise, " Seek, and ye shall find," he quenched this fiery dart of the wicked one, and in due time he learned, by blessed experience, that the promise was true. Beautifully simple and touching are his own words:—
" I said to the Lord, ' Thou hast said, *They that ask shall receive, they that seek shall find, and to them that knock the door shall be opened,* and I have faith to believe it.' In an instant the Lord made me so happy that I cannot express what I felt. I shouted for joy. I praised God with my whole heart for what he had done for a poor sinner like me : for I could say, the Lord hath pardoned all my sins. I think this was in November, 1823, but what day of the month I do not know. I remember this, that everything looked new to me ; the people, the fields, the cattle, the trees. I was like a man in a new world. I spent the greater part of my time in praising the Lord. I could say with David, ' The Lord hath brought me up out of a horrible pit, and out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings, and hath put a new

14

God
told all I met
my soul. I have heard some
have hard work to get away
companions, but I had hard w
them soon enough to tell the
Lord had done for me. Some
mad; and others that they sh
back again next pay-day. B
Lord, it is now more than fo
and they have not got me y
glad man, and, glory be t
been glad ever since."

No sooner was Billy
began at once looking a
for his work-mate
ans

very happy in my work, and could leap and dance for joy underground as well as on the surface.'

"Bray began publicly to exhort men to repent, and turn to God, about a year after his conversion. Towards the end of 1824 his name was put on the Local Preachers' Plan, and his labours were much blessed in the conversion of souls. He did not commonly select a text, as is the general habit of preachers, but he usually began his addresses by reciting a verse of a hymn, a little of his own experience, or some telling anecdote. But he had the happy art of pleasing and profiting all classes, the rich as much as the poor; and all characters, the worldly as much as the pious, flocked to hear him. He retained his popularity until the last. Perhaps no preacher in Cornwall ever acquired more extensive or more lasting renown, and the announcement of his name as a speaker at a missionary meeting, or on any special occasion, was a sufficient attraction, whoever else might or might not be present. Sometimes his illustrations and appeals made a powerful impression. I remember *once hearing him speak with great effect to a large congregation, principally miners*

represented
all the week, but on the 4th
the prosperous one for his
not been at work at the
manager inquired. He
the wages at the good mi
pleaded very earnestly,
was dismissed with th
which there was no app
come there to work i
for his wages. And the
the congregation, and th
irresistible, that they
here if they would share
but if they would serve
must go for th

outward manifestations they occasionally witnessed to the extent that he himself did. Billy could not tolerate 'deadness,' as he expressively called it, either in a professing Christian or in a meeting. He had a deeper sympathy with persons singing, or shouting, or leaping for joy, than he had with

'The speechless awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love.'

Methodism is the mother church of Cornwall, and Bray was a genuine though uncultivated child of her heart. As John Wesley always associated the grace of God with the penny a week, so Bray's religion was not all shouting; it had an eminently practical turn in many directions. Billy was quite a mighty chapel builder; he began by getting a piece of freehold from his mother, which he cleared with his own hands, and then proceeded to dig out the foundations of a chapel which was to be called *Bethel*. Under great discouragements, both from friends and foes, mostly, however, from the *first*, he actually built the place, working at it himself, and at the same time

wise. On-lookers ^{and} ~~and~~ silly, and called him so ; but, ~~and~~ remarked, " Wise men could preached in the chapel if silly not built it." Almost as soon building was finished, he was commence another. It was much and many talked about it, but not the heart to begin it but Billy ! begged the land, borrowed a horse of the giver ; and then after own hard day's work undergravel pit, and providing for five shillings he and his son worked at raising and building the walls ; frequently of the twenty

the down.' So the devil said no more
ne on that subject. Sometimes I had
sters on my hands, and they have been
y sore. But I felt I did not mind
t, for if the chapel should stand one
dred years, and if one soul were con-
ted in it every year, *that* would be a
dred souls, and that would pay me
l if I got to heaven, for they that 'turn
ay to righteousness shall shine as the
s for ever and ever.' So I thought I
ould be rich enough when I got there.
e chapel was finished after a time ;
e the opening day came. We had
aching, but the preacher was a wise
1, and a dead man. I believe there
not much good done that day, for it
s a very dead time with the preacher
people ; for he had a great deal of
mmar, and but little of *Father*. 'It is
by might, nor by power, but by my
it, saith the Lord.' If it was by
dom or might, I should have but a
ll part, for my might is little and
wisdom less. Thanks be to God,
work is his, and he can work by
omsoever he pleases. The second
day after the chapel was opened I was
ined' there. I said to the people, 'Yo

souls I will have.' 'The Lord
in a wonderful manner. Thy
cried to the Lord for mercy ; and
saw *that* I said, 'Now the chap
for already.' The good Lord v
work there ; and the society soo
from fifteen members to thirty.
how good the Lord is to me ; I
one soul a year, and he gave 1
souls the first year. Bless and
holy name, for he is good, and
endureth for ever, for one soul i
thousand worlds. Our little c
three windows, one on one side
on the other ; the old devil, wh

th all our might ; and *he shall never ar the last of it.*"

No sooner was this second house nished, than he began a third and larger ne, and in this enterprise his talent for ollecting, as well as his zeal in giving nd working, were well displayed. He had igh—and as we believe proper—ideas of his mission, in gathering in the subscrip- tions of the Lord's stewards. "A friend who was with Billy on a begging expedi- tion, suggested, as they were coming near a gentleman's house, and Billy was evidently making for the front door, that it would be better if they went to the back door. 'No,' said Billy, 'I am the son of a King, and I shall go frontways.'" "At one time, at a missionary meeting, he seemed quite vexed because there was something said in the report about money received for 'rags and bones.' And when he rose to address the meeting he said: 'I don't think it is right sup- porting the Lord's cause with old rags and bones. The Lord deserves the best, and ought to have the best.'" Well done, Billy! This is right good, and sound *divinity.*

Billy knew how to fight the devil

him by making all sorts of
sounds; but he went singing on.
At last one of them said, in the
ribble tones, "But I'm the devil
the hedge, Billy Bray." "Bless
Bless the Lord!" said Billy, "
know thee 'wust' so far away
To use Billy's own expression
could the devil do with such as

"One of the most blessed re-
sults of his deep piety was his unfeigned
his continual sense of dependence
The Lord's servants without
presence are weak like other
Samson, when he lost his loc
"Bless the Lord!"

say, and you looking like a fool and not able to speak? Yes, for it was not long before I said, I am glad I am stopped, and that for *three* reasons. And the first is, To humble my soul, and make me feel more dependent on my Lord, to think more fully of the Lord and less of myself. The next reason is, To convince you that are ungodly, for you say we can speak what we have a mind to, without the Lord as well as with him; but you cannot say so now, for you hear how I was speaking, but when the Lord took away his Spirit I could not say another word; without my Lord I could do nothing. And the third reason is, That some of you young men who are standing here may be called to stand in the pulpit some day as I am, and the Lord may take his Spirit from you as he has from me, and then you might say, it is no good for me to try to preach or exhort, for I was stopped the last time I tried to preach, and I shall preach no more. But now you can say, I saw poor old Billy Bray stopped once like me, and he did not mind it, and told the people that he was glad his Lord had stopped *him*: Billy Bray's Lord is my Lord, and I am glad he stopped me too, for if I car

Preaching in such a spirit
sure to have a blessing, and a
had. Many orators and doctors
look very small by the side of
if we estimate ministries by t
in soul-winning, and they will l
still when the souls saved by p
speakers shall shine forth like
their own rhetorical fame a
learning shall be as darkness.

We say no more, but refer th
the memoir of Billy Bray, writ
F. W. Bourne, and published a
Christian Book Room, 26, .
Row.



IN CONCLUSION.

ALL these eccentric preachers were in downright earnest, and because they were so their humour sometimes came to the front. Had their consecration to their work been less complete they would have taken more thought of public opinion, and have been more fearful of incurring reproach; but they were so set upon their one object of sending home the truth to the consciences of their hearers that they forgot their own reputations, and spoke with boldness.

Had these men been triflers with holy things, or jesters upon sacred topics, they would have been worthy of all the censure which has been poured upon them; but they were nothing of the kind. Among the earnest they were the most earnest; no one can doubt that. This, indeed, lay at the bottom of the opposition which they aroused. Had they been mere jesters the


discharge their ~~own~~
of routine, they would have ru
of standing in the pillory of
men may be as dull and as po
they please in the ministry with
being called eccentric.

If all men were right-mir
would be willing to listen to th
of salvation, even if it were c
the driest terms of technical the
men are so careless about all t
of their souls that we have
preach to them, but to indu
hear us. A great part of our
in seeking out attractive i
choice savings. l

by themselves, we must put them on wheels and so set them in motion. Our object is—if by any means we may save some; and since men will not believe without hearing, and will not hear unless we make the word pleasant and attractive to them, we dare not do otherwise than indulge them in this respect, and woo them to instruction as children are enticed to learning by stories and pictures.

This little book is not written to inculcate eccentricity, or even to excuse all its displays; but, if possible, to take the edge from the scalping knife of slanderous misrepresentation and carping censure. Fair and honest criticism is not to be deprecated; it may be useful if honestly and kindly spoken. No Christian minister in his right mind wishes to shield himself behind his office, nor does he desire to be regarded as infallible; but what we do request is that our hearers' thoughts should not be diverted from our subject by the little details of our style and manner. These are trifles, but our message is a matter of life and death.

Reader, if you are brought to believe *in the Lord Jesus Christ* you will find *very little fault with the ministry which*



able to make an excuse -
out of the singularity of the pres
in these days if one man cannot p
it is easy for you to find anot
there is no law to prevent you
where you are most benefited,
shift your seat than waste your S

To all wise and candid belie
commend the language of the a
"Who then is Paul, and who is
but ministers by whom ye believ
as the Lord gave to every man?"
are not to be pitted one against
as if they were rivals engaged in
for the belt; they are to be loved
as fellow-helpers







